

“Remember the Days of Old.”

HISTORICAL EXERCISES

OF

MIDDLE SPRING

Presbyterian Church,

AT

MIDDLE SPRING, PENNSYLVANIA,

HELD

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, JUNE 16th & 17th, 1876.

SHIPPENSBURG, PENN'A.:

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1876.

Church Organization, 1876.

Pastor,

REV. S. S. WYLIE.

Ruling Elders,

JAMES B. ORR,	WILLIAM A. COX,
B. A. PEEBLES,	W. D. MEANS,
W. A. P. LINN.	ALEX. POMEROY,
	R. H. McILHENNY.

Trustees,

CHARLES M. WHITE,	SAMUEL M. WHERRY,
J. H. McCULLOCH,	JOHN E. MACLAY,
WILLIAM B. SMITH,	JOSIAH FICKES,
WILLIAM A. COX,	H. W. RAMSEY,
B. FRANK IRWIN,	HENDERSON G. SKILES,
W. A. P. LINN,	ROBERT C. HEMPHILL.

Sexton,

ENOCH DEIHL.

ERRATA.

On Page 39, 17th line, word "kind" should be *knit*.

On Page 41, 3d line, "W. A. P. Dinn" should read *Linn*.

Introduction.

At a meeting of the Session of Middle Spring Presbyterian Church, held at Middle Spring, November 13th, 1875, the propriety of holding suitable services in the church, in connection with the National Centennial, commemorative of the history and progress of Middle Spring Church was under consideration, when it was resolved to call a meeting of the congregation, to be held at the church immediately after divine services, on Thanksgiving Day, November 25th, 1875.

In accordance therewith, the congregation met, and, by a unanimous vote, resolved to hold such services. The pastor was authorized to appoint a committee of seven, to be designated the "Centennial Executive Committee," and was himself added as Chairman.

This committee, composed of Rev. S. S. Wylie, *Chairman*; James B. Orr, B. A. Peebles, W. A. Cox, George Allen, B. F. Irwin, and S. M. Wherry, *Secretary*, arranged the following programme of exercises to be held June 16th and 17th, 1876:

1. *History of Middle Spring Church*, by Rev. S. S. Wylie, Pastor of the Church.

2. *A Poem—Middle Spring Church*, by Prof. Wm. M. Nevin, of Lancaster City, Pa.

3. *Middle Spring Church and the Revolution*, by Rev. John J. Pomeroy, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Rahway, N. J.

4. *History of Hopewell Academy*, by Rev. Alfred Nevin, D.D., Editor "Presbyterian Journal," Philadelphia, Pa.

5. *Reminiscences of Ministers and Elders of Middle Spring Church*, by Rev. I. N. Hays, Principal of State Normal School, Shippensburg, Pa.

6. *Centennial Address*, by Hon. J. McDowell Sharpe, of Chambersburg, Pa.

The exercises were held in the grove north of the church and graveyard, and the committee having the matter in charge deserve high praise for the efficient manner in which they discharged their various duties. A large and spacious stand was erected, tastefully festooned with evergreens and the National colors. Appropriate mottoes in letters of living green, adorned the sides of the stand—such as “The Three Springs,” referring to “Rocky,” “Big” and “Middle Spring,” the pioneer churches of the Valley; “1738—Middle Spring—1876;” “Remember the Days of Old,” and many others. On the stand was also the old Bible, from which Rev. Robt. Cooper, of Revolutionary fame, read the lessons of the day; also an accurate pencil drawing of the old stone church, executed by Mr. John I. Cox.

The services commenced Friday morning, June 16th, 1876, at 10 o'clock. After the usual preliminaries, such as singing by the choir, prayer, reading of appropriate scripture, &c., Rev. S. S. Wylie, Pastor of the church, delivered the following

HISTORY OF MIDDLE SPRING CHURCH.

PART I.—*From the Origin of the Church to the beginning of the Ministry of Rev. Robert Cooper, D.D.*

TEXTS—John 4: 28th—“Other men laboured and ye have entered into their labours.”

Job 32: 7th—“I said days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.”

As a fitting introduction to this history, I will briefly explain these two passages of scripture, marked and many illustrations of which we see in the past record of Middle Spring Church.

The first passage reads thus: “Other men laboured, and ye have entered into their labours.” These were the words of our Lord, addressed to His inner circle of disciples. I do not now stop to inquire who Christ means by the words “other men,” whether Abraham, Moses, David, or the prophets and

people of the Old Testament Jewish Church, as the pionesers and forerunners of the Apostles, in sowing the harvest of the world. One thing is certain, however, that a principle of the widest application is here introduced, viz: the debt which every generation owes to the past. That no individual, nor church, nor nation, begin their own work; that all enter into and carry on the labors of others, and so too that all the generations of the world reap the fields their forefathers sowed. That there is a dependence—a succession in all the labors of men—a running account, kept up by each present age to the credit of all the past, especially to the credit of its immediate predecessor; how we have entered into the labors of men of learning in the past, of men of science, of men of inventive genius, of men of wealth, but especially of the men of faith and prayer who have lived and labored in this "vineyard of the Lord."

I could wish that the reading and the better knowledge of the history of this church would lead us to these reflections: 1st—How little we have which is due to ourselves; what a rich legacy we have received from the past. 2d—That men have lived, and wrought, and died for us. 3d—That as every advance makes a new advance easier, we ought to far excel our fathers in intellectual and spiritual attainments. 4th—To a spirit of gratitude and praise to God for the noble record which lies behind us; and a desire to commemorate this grand Centennial occasion, by raising up some Ebenezer, and inscribing upon it "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The second passage of scripture reads thus, "I said days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." As the days and years glide by us in endless procession, they are ceaselessly repeating, as if in soliloquy, the lessons of past experiences, and scattering, with authorotative voices, precepts and maxims of wisdom for future guidance. If we do not hear these voices and learn wisdom from them, it is not because they have been silent, but because we have been, or are listless. "Men may be deaf, but time is never dumb." Ordinarily the voices and lessons of the past are lost upon us, or make but a

momentary impression. The rolling drums, the elashing of arms of present conflict, and bugle notes which summon us to future enterprises, drown the still small voice of time. It is only when some great event concludes as a truce in life's "ceaseless toil and endeavor," that we can hear the whisperings of the years that are gone. Such a time has come at last to give us a breathing spell and time for reflection. Because the wheels of time run so smoothly that they make no jar, as they roll from the old into the new, we have glided past time with a speed of which we have not been conscious, until suddenly a moss-covered milestone of one hundred years in our National, and almost one hundred and forty in our church life, rises before us, and bids us pause and look back over the course we have traveled, and listen to the voices which are echoing after us. Dr. Young has said

"We take no note of time but by its loss,
To give it then a tongue is wise in man."

Oh, may the voices of the past, to which we give utterance to to-day, enable us to see new meaning in these words of Elihu, the youngest of the counsellors of Job: "I said days should speak and multitude of years should teach wisdom."

The aboriginal owners and occupants of Kittochtinny (now improperly called Cumberland) Valley—the word means "endless mountains"—were the Delaware tribes, called also Leni Lenapés. They held the country from the Delaware river to the Kittochtinny or North Mountain, and as far south as the Potomac. The Shawnese Indians, who moved north from Florida in 1689, it would seem, also occupied a portion of this Valley lying along the Conodoguinet. Both the Delaware and Shawnese tribes were partially conquered by the Six Nations, and removed, at an early period, to the banks of the Ohio.

The Six Nations, called also the "United People," and by the French the Iroquois, were a powerful Indian confederacy of at first five and after wards six tribes, who, in the earlier part of the last century held undisputed sway from the Atlantic to the great lakes of Erie and Ontario, and as far south as the head waters of the Delaware and Susquehanna. They grad-

ually extended their power over south-eastern Pennsylvania, including this Valley. Partial treaties were made between the Proprietary government and the "united people," in 1700, and at other subsequent dates; but it was not until October, 1736, when there assembled at Philadelphia twenty-three chiefs of the Six Nations, that a full and absolute title to all the lands west of the Susquehanna, including our own beautiful Valley, was granted to Thomas, John and Richard Penn, sons of William Penn. A copy of this deed is in the office of the Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Settlements were made in this Valley several years previous to this treaty. Scotch-Irish settlements were made at Octorara creek and at Pequa in 1717, and at Paxton and Donegal in 1722. Mr. John Harris came to the present site of Harrisburg in 1725. On or before the year 1730 the Chambers brothers, attracted by the glowing accounts of the great springs and fine water powers in this Valley, given by early adventurers, left their homes on Fishing creek, a short distance above Harrisburg, and settled at three of the great springs of this Valley: Benjamin and Joseph at Falling, James at Big, and Robert at Middle Spring, on land now in the possession of W. D. Means.

From 1730 to 1736 the Proprietary encouraged emigration to this Valley, no doubt to hasten its possession from the Indians. In 1734 a commission was granted to Samuel Blunston authorizing him to grant licenses, in writing, to settle lands west of the Susquehanna. They were an inception of title to much of the most desirable lands of this Valley, with which the Indians were generally satisfied. This, with the suspension of the Maryland line controversy, and the acknowledged fertility of the soil, and beauty and attractiveness of the country, caused a rapid influx of inhabitants, so that in 1736 the settlements extended from the banks of the Long Crooked River to the banks of the Potomac. There were small settlements of Germans near Greencastle, and also along the west bank of the Susquehanna made at this time, with a Welsh settlement on what is now called Welsh Run, Franklin county, but with these exceptions, the whole of Kittatinny Valley was peopled

by Irish, or Scotch-Irish, or their immediate descendants, which was true of this Valley up to the year 1750.

We find, as might have been expected, that one of the first arrangements of these early settlers was to have the gospel preached in their midst. The most of them had been reared in the stimulating atmosphere of our Protestant faith; they had been taught to worship God, nor was the precious legacy of a free, unfettered religion, which they and their fathers had purchased by blood and persecution, to be neglected or forgotten by them, though living in the midst of the hardships and perils of a life in the wilderness. We find that they very soon make application for supplies to Presbytery to break unto them the "bread of life," and the labors of these devoted pioneers of the gospel forms the germs of churches stretched throughout this Valley, and to the history of one of these I now ask your attention.

In 1732 Donegal Presbytery was formed by the Synod of Philadelphia, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of which then included the country now comprised in Dauphin, Lancaster, Adams, York, Cumberland, Franklin and Perry counties. At a meeting of this Presbytery, held at Nottingham, October 16th, 1734, there is this record: "Ordered, that Mr. A. Craighead supply over the river two or three Sabbaths in November." This is the first presbyterial record of preaching in this Valley, and Mr. Alexander Craighead, then quite a young man, has the distinguished honor of being the first pioneer who, by order of Presbytery, proclaimed Christ and Him crucified among these hills and valleys. On two subsequent occasions he is sent on the same mission. I add as a note a brief history of this man.*

* Rev. Alexander Craighead was ordained and installed by Donegal Presbytery over Middle Octorara Church November 18th, 1735; was appointed by Presbytery, in 1738, to preside at the installation of his father, Rev. Thomas Craighead, over Hopewell charge, which included Big and Middle Spring Churches; was an overzealous promoter of the revival which swept through this country during Whitefield's first visit, which involved him in difficulties with Donegal Presbytery, from which, in 1740, he was suspended. Afterwards became a member of New Brunswick

In 1735, Rev. John Thompson was sent to the settlement along the Conodoguinet, who had formerly been pastor of Chestnut Level Church, but now seems to have been an itinerant in the employ of Donegal Presbytery.

Rev. Samnel Gelston, who formerly had been settled at New London, Chester county, Pa., was, in 1736, sent by Presbytery to O'Pekan in Virginia, Conestoga and Conodoguinet. In this same year Rev. Wm. Bertram, then, pastor of Paxton and Derry Churches, also was sent and preached along the Conodoguinet. This year—1736—supplies are first sent to the "Conococheague settlement." I have little doubt that some of these ministers, and it may be others whose names are lost, preached in this vicinity. Certain it is that there was quite a respectable number of settlers, in 1736, stretched along the Conedogwinet and its south branch, and the same is true of Middle Spring, from its mouth to near its source. It was the almost invariable practice of the early settlers to locate along streams of water and gushing springs. This will account for these places being settled first.

There is a well authenticated tradition, handed down in the Johnson family of our church, that John Johnson, the grandfather of George Johnson, with his wife behind him, rode from his residence, three and one-half miles above Shippensburg, along a narrow bridle-path, through almost continuous forest, passed the former residence of Wendel Foglesonger, crossed Middle Spring at the dilapidated Creamer mill, and attended preaching in the woods in the vicinity of this church, years before there was any house erected, and we know that the first meeting-house was built in 1738. Who would have collected these scattered settlers together, and in this wilderness preached to them, but these brave and Godly pioneers sent out by the express order of Presbytery, whose names I have given above?

Presbytery (New Side), but almost immediately left them, because they would not revive the old Scottish "League and Covenant," and identified himself with the Reformed Church of Scotland, and, after an up and down life, died at Rock River, North Carolina, in March, 1766; over whose grave there might have been written this inscription—"A man of more zeal than prudence."

The commonly accepted theory in relation to the early history of this church, and one which has been generally believed, and consequently found its way to the public print, is, that this church does not date back prior to the year 1740, which is several years later than some others adjacent, and that Rev. John Blair was its first pastor. Both of which are incorrect, and I now proceed to give you, at some length, the light I have received touching this obscure period in the history of this people.

In the early Donegal minutes this church, with Big Spring, was called by the general name of "Hopewell." To distinguish it from Big Spring, which was called Lower Hopewell, this church was called Upper Hopewell. We learn from Rupp's History of the Six Counties that this Valley, in the year 1735, was divided into two large townships by a line running north from the South Mountain, by the way of the Great Spring to the Kittochtinny, or North Mountain; that the easternmost township be called Pennsborough, and the western Hopewell. Middle, Rocky, and Big Spring, churches were thus all in the limits of Hopewell township. In like manner as the churches of Silver Spring and Carlisle First took their original, general name of Pennsborough from the name of the township in which they were situated, so Middle and Big Spring took their original, general name from the township of Hopewell in which they were situated. So also the churches throughout the Conococheague settlement took their general name of Conococheague from the name of the district, just as the Pennsborough churches were distinguished by Upper and Lower, and the Conococheague by East and West, Lower East and Lower West; so Hopewell was distinguished by Lower and Upper from the flow of water, Big Spring being called "Lower" and Middle Spring "Upper Hopewell." As additional evidence that these churches bore these names in their early history, I quote from the Donegal records of 1739:

"NOTTINGHAM, June 20th, 1739.—Mr. Cavin is ordered to supply at Upper Hopewell; time not specified.

"CHESTNUT LEVEL, Sept. 5th, 1739.—A supplication from the people of Hopewell requesting supplies, was presented.

"CONOCOCHEAGUE, November 17th, 1739.—Mr. Thompson is ordered to supply at Lower Hopewell on the last Sabbath of this month.

"Ordered—that Mr. Anderson supply at Upper Hopewell to-morrow, and Mr. Boyd at Lower Hopewell to-morrow. Mr. Cavin to supply at Upper Hopewell the fourth Sabbath of December, the first Sabbath of February, and the third Sabbath of March. Mr. Sankey at Hopewell the 5th instant."

A writer in an issue of *The Presbyterian*, of February 15th, 1853, whose article in every other respect evinces much learning and accuracy, affirms that Middle Spring Church, in its earliest history, was called Upper, and Big Spring Lower Hopewell. Webster, in his admirable history of the early Presbyterian Church of America, states the same. I am disposed to the belief, from some hints, that Rocky Spring Church was also called by the name of Upper Hopewell. I quote from the Donegal records:

"PEQUA, October 1738.—Robert Henry, a commissioner from Hopewell, complained that the people of Falling Spring are about to encroach upon Hopewell Congregation."

This was in the matter of building a house of worship at Falling Spring, the old Presbytery rule being ten miles apart. Now, it would be utterly absurd to suppose that the people of Big Spring, twenty miles distant, and great folly to suppose that the people of Middle Spring, distant thirteen miles from Chambersburg, would complain of this matter to Presbytery. But if Rocky Spring was then called and included in Hopewell charge, the distance from Falling Spring, not quite five miles, the explanation is plain enough. In that year Rocky Spring had been granted by Presbytery the privilege of erecting their first house of worship on the grounds it now occupies for that purpose, and for Falling Spring to erect their house within five miles, would be a proper ground of complaint to Presbytery as an encroachment upon their congregational territory. Again, Richard Webster in his history, whose thoughtful words and sentences are not to be lightly esteemed, in speaking of Rev. John Blair, incidentally remarks that Rocky and Middle Spring were both called by the name of Upper Hopewell.

We are, we think, warranted in the conclusions that Big Spring was, in its early history, called Lower, Middle Spring Upper Hopewell, and Rocky Spring perhaps the same, and the

general name Hopewell designated them all. These conclusions are important in determining who was their first pastor.

The first pastor of this church, in connection with Big Spring, was the Rev. Thomas Craighead, who may, also, have preached at Rocky Spring. At a stated meeting of Donegal Presbytery, held at Chestnut Level, April 6th, 1737, Robert Henry, the commissioner from Hopewell, asks for the services of Mr. Thomas Craighead as stated supply, which was granted.

"NOTTINGHAM, June 22d, 1737.—The people of Hopewell request of Presbytery the privilege of making out a call to Mr. Thomas Craighead.

"DERRY, November 17th, 1737.—A call was presented to Presbytery by the people of Hopewell for the services of Mr. T. Craighead, which was accepted by him."

He was not installed as pastor over the "people of Hopewell" for almost one year after this date, or until the second Tuesday of October, 1738, and for two reasons: The first was that there existed difficulties in settling the boundary lines between Hopewell and Pennsborough, and the erection of one of the houses of Hopewell. The second was that Mr. Thomas Craighead had, without consulting his session, suspended his wife from "church privileges," because she failed to live in peace in the same house with her daughter-in-law. He did not live to enjoy his labors in this charge quite seven months, but died in the last of April, 1739. Tradition has it, that at the close of a communion season at Big Spring, he continued preaching to the people in bursts of eloquence and power almost supernatural, until exhausted: when, dismissing the audience with a wave of his hand, and the words, "farewell, farewell," he sank down in the pulpit and expired, and was afterwards buried under the present church building there. I subjoin, in a note, a brief history of Mr. Craighead.*

The reasons which have led me to the conclusion that he

* He was the son of Rev. Robert Craighead (Scotchman), pastor of Donoughmore, Ireland, from 1658 to 1688, who then became pastor of Londonderry; was in the siege, and escaped the second day, and afterwards returned to Glasgow, where he died. His son—the Rev. Thomas Craighead—was educated for a physician; afterwards studied theology, and was pastor for some time in Ire'and. In 1715, he came and settled at Freetown, Massachusetts; in 1723, came to New Jersey. On

was the properly constituted minister of more than the church, which is now called Big Spring, are these:

First—Every other minister, contemporaneous with him throughout this section of country, had charge of from two to four congregations. On November 15th, 1732, Rev. William Bertram was installed over Paxton and Derry. On November 14th, 1739, Rev. Samuel Thompson was ordained pastor of Upper and Lower Pennsborough. Rev. Samuel Cavin, from November 16th, 1737, acted as stated supply to all the churches of the Conococheague settlement until November 16th, 1739, when he was installed pastor of Falling Spring and Greencastle. If, therefore, Mr. Thomas Craighead was the pastor of only Big Spring (for that was then called Lower Hopewell), this is the only exception throughout this Valley. But where is the evidence that at this time Big Spring, or any other church near us, had the means and the population to support a pastor of herself?

Second—There is strong evidence to believe that Robert Henry, who, at this time, on various occasions, acted as commissioner for Hopewell to Presbytery, belonged to Upper, not Lower Hopewell.

Third—There is good evidence for the statement that at that time (1738) this section of this Valley, between Shippensburg and the North Mountain, was as thickly settled as almost any other portion of it. It is a matter of history that the first land in this Valley taken up under the "Samuel Blunston license," was by Benjamin Furley, and afterwards occupied by the Herrons, McCombs and Irwins, a large tract lying along the Conodoguinet, in the direction of and in the neighborhood of Orrstown.

At the house of Widow Piper, in Shippensburg, as early as

September 22d, 1724, settled at White Clay, New Castle Presbytery; was Moderator of Synod in 1726. In 1733 he removed from White Clay to Lancaster, and on September 3d, of same year, joined Donegal Presbytery, and on October 31st was installed over Pequa, which he left on September 19th, 1736, and in 1738 settled at Hopewell. Cotton Mather speaks of him as a man of singular piety, meekness, humility, and industry in the work of God.

1735, a number of persons from along the Conodoguinet and Middle Spring, met to remonstrate against the road, which was then being made from the Susquehanna to the Potomae, passing through "The Barrens," but wanted it to be made through the Conodoguinet settlement, which was more thickly settled. This indicates that at this time a number of people lived in this vicinity. I give the names of some of them, on or before the year 1738: Robert Chambers, Herrons, McCombs, Youngs, (three families), McNutts, (three families), Mahans, (three families), Scotts, Sterretts, Pipers: soon after the Brady family, McCunes, Wherrys, Mitchells, Strains, Morrows, and others. It was such pioneers as these who, with their children, made Shippensburg the most prominent town of this Valley prior to the year 1750. Many of the names given above, constituted soon after the most prominent and worthy members of Middle Spring Church. Is it likely such Godly men as these, forming such a respectable settlement in 1738, would not seek the first opportunity to have the bread of Eternal Life broken unto them?

Fourth—A writer, whose name I am ignorant of, in an old religious newspaper of twenty-four years since, in an article entitled "The Three Springs," uses these words—"The congregation beyond the Susquehanna which first settled a pastor, was called Upper and Lower Hopewell. His name was Thomas Craighead."

Fifth—Rev. Richard Webster, one of the most accurate and painstaking historians of the Presbyterian Church and her earlier ministers, in speaking of these three churches, in connection with Rev. John Blair, says, "These places had been served by the Rev. Thomas Craighead." To any thoughtful, unprejudiced mind the evidence is sufficient that Thomas Craighead at this church as well as at Big Spring, pointed men to the Cross, and that these churches were honored above any others in this Valley, in having *first* the "ministry of the word."

After the death of Mr. Craighead, Hopewell charge "was supplied by Donegal Presbytery." Rev. Samuel Thompson,

James Anderson, Samuel Cavin and Richard Sankey, as supplies in 1739. Shortly after this, or in 1741, occurred the first and lamentable rupture in the Presbyterian Church of America. This schism grew out of conflicting views of the great revival which, in 1732, commenced in New Jersey, and in a short time swept over most of the Atlantic States; some ascribing it to God as a genuine work of the Spirit; others looked upon it as a work of men and the devil; some said it was of the head; others of the heart. Another cause of this schism was conflicting views as to the standard of education to be insisted upon of candidates for admission into the ministry. The one party, at first the more numerous, and in most respects the more rigid in their views, composed of the Synod of Philadelphia, were called the "Old Side." The other party, at first represented by the New Brunswick Presbytery, and afterward by the Synod of New York, were called the "New Side," or "New Lights."

This painful schism sent a ploughshare through all the churches, and the "Three Springs" were no exception. A majority of the people of these three congregations, as well as a majority of the people of the other churches of this Valley, adhered to the "New Side." The "Old Side" party in these three churches had, for a time, the services of Rev. James Lyon, a probationer of Donegal Presbytery. The "New Side" had the services of Rev. James Campbell—the unconverted minister—and he was followed by the eloquent, pathetic Welshman, the Rev. John Rowland.

On December 27th, 1742, Rev. John Blair was installed pastor of Middle Spring Church, in connection with Big Spring and Rocky Spring. The old session records of his ministry at this church, now in my possession, though very largely occupied with what might seem, to many, petty cases of discipline, and though not even giving his first name, throws some light upon the division of his labors among these three congregations. It reads thus: "The minister and elders of Big Spring, Middle Spring and Rocky Spring met at Middle Spring, in order to settle the division of the minister's labors

among the three congregations. The result was that the minister's labors be equally divided a third part to each place, as being most for the glory of God, and the good of his people."

During the earlier part of Mr. Blair's ministry here, he went upon a missionsry journey to Virginia, and there deepened the profound religious impressions made upon that people by the short ministry of Rev. William Robinson, who was the son of an English Quaker, a man of uncommon revival powers over the ignorant and godless. Samuel Morris, in speaking of this visit of Mr. Blair's, said, "truly he came to us in the fullness of the Gospel of Christ." Former impressions were deepened, and new ones made on many hearts. One night a whole household were quite overcome by the power of the Word." In 1746 he again visited Virginia, and organized the congregations of Hebron, Bethel, New Providence, Timber Ridge and Forks of Brandywine.

While pastor of this church he purchased and owned the farm—the most of which is now in the possession of Mr. David Lutz—adjoining Middle Spring Church lands. It is said his house stood on the elevated ground across the narrow ravine from the present stone house of Mr. Lutz, near by which, as was then customary, stood a weaver's shop. Here, it is said, he with his wife, a Miss Durborrow, of Philadelphia, with their hired servants, lived in a style quite above that of their plain countryfied parishioners. The people, it is said, were extremely kind to Mr. Blair and his young wife, so that they had often a superabundance of the good things of this life: but it is added that this kindness took a more substantial form, viz: Several of the prominent men of the church met, among whom were David Herron, John Finley, John Reynolds and John Maclay, and deeded to him a farm then owned by the church, of from two to two hundred and fifty acres, with the explicit understanding that Mr. Blair would stay and preach for them his lifetime; but Mr. Blair, being a shrewd, covetous, wordly wise man, sold the farm, placed the money in his pocket, and then soon left the church. This tradition has floated down the

stream of time, and is now believed by many in this community, and has been related to me again and again. There is no doubt but what the people were very kind to Mr. Blair and lady, but concerning this last tradition there is not the shadow of a foundation for; a most untruthful story having the effect to tarnish the reputation of an otherwise good, zealous and godly minister. I hold a patent recorded December 4th, 1753, taken out by John Blair to secure a warrant for two hundred and twelve acres of land, dated October 5th, 1743, situated in the Manor of Louthier, Lancaster, afterwards, Cumberland and Franklin counties, by virtue of which Thomas and Richard Penn deeded this same farm to John Blair in consideration of £32 17s and $\frac{1}{2}$ penny, "quit rent," due each year. This farm he held for seventeen years, and sold it to Samuel Rippy.* The exact date of his leaving this field of labor is involved in no little uncertainty. Seeing he never was a member of Donegal Presbytery, (because he belonged to the New Side party), its records in no way assists us, and the minutes of the New Castle Presbytery (New Side), the one to which he belonged, are, so far as can be ascertained, hopelessly lost. Webster, in his history, and Sprague, in his "Annals of the American Pulpit," who quotes from Webster's manuscript, both give the date of his leaving the "Three Springs" of December 28th, 1748. The last record of the session book of his ministry kept for this church, is dated February 8th, 1749. There is, on the other hand, evidence which seems to favor a much later date as the correct time of his leaving this church. I have two receipts, handed me by George Johnson. The first reads thus:

* In 1760, May 30th, John and Elizabeth Blair sold and deeded this farm to Samuel Rippy for £246 and 10 shillings. On January 12th, 1772, Samuel and Grabel Rippy sold this farm to Conrad Fishburn for £436 and 10 shillings. On the death of Conrad Fishburn, March 9th, 1802, it passed into the hands of his eldest son, Philip. By deed, dated September 15th, 1807, Philip Fishburn conveyed it to John Brotherton and John Shryock. By deed, dated December 31st, 1807, it was sold to Barnhard Lutz. He gave it to his son John, who, by deed dated November 24th, 1858, sold it to his son David Lutz, the present owner.

"Received of John Johnson the just and full sum of two pounds fourteen shillings, being four shillings over his full subscription for these five years last past.

"Nov. 24th, 1747.

by me, JOHN BLAIR."

A second—

"September 11th, 1757, received from John Johnson, two pounds two pence, which appears to me to be in full of steepens due Rev. John Blair.

"by me, DAVID MEGAW."

A careful reading of these two receipts indicates a much later date than 1748, as the time of Mr. Blair's resignation. If he left Middle Spring in 1748, then his life for ten years, until 1757, the date of his settlement at Fag's Manor, is a blank. Neither Hodge, Alexander, Sprague and Webster, who refer to him in their histories, throw any light upon this period of his life. Is it likely that this man, in the prime of his life and in the full possession of his many talents, could or would have remained in idleness these many years? is it not much more reasonable to suppose that during this time he was still laboring in this "vineyard of the Lord?" Again, Sprague, Webster and Alexander assign as the only cause of his leaving this field "to be trouble with the Indians." But any one conversant with the history of those times, is well aware that throughout this Valley in 1748 there was scarcely an isolated Indian murder. It is true that at this time war was declared between France and England, and the din of preparation and the expectation of war was then very general throughout this country. Dr. Alexander, in his history of the "Log College," in speaking of Mr. Blair, uses this rather striking language: "By reason of the hostile incursions of the Indians, his people were obliged to leave their rude habitations on the frontier, and retreat into the more densely populated parts of the colony. Mr. Blair never returned to the place from which he was driven by the incursions of the savages." Such language does not comport with the events of the year 1748. But we all know after the disastrous defeat of Braddock, on the 9th of July, 1755, and the retreat of Dunbar, the tardy, this Valley, in every part of it, was swept by fire and sword, the scalping-knife and tomahawk of an exultant savage foe, when thirteen

hundred and eighty-four refugees were huddled together in the fort at Shippensburg, and seven hundred families left this Valley and *their all*, for their lives, and removed to Lancaster and York counties, Pa. Dr. Alexander's description of the causes of his leaving, corresponds exactly to this period of 1755 and 1756. These are the arguments upon both sides of the question. When did Rev. John Blair leave the "Three Springs?" On account of the loss of the New Castle Presbytery records, this question can, perhaps, never be definitely settled, but the weight of the evidence would seem to favor a later date than 1748, and this in an accordance with tradition as handed down by some of the best memories in Middle Spring Church.*

Mr. Blair was gifted in the use of his pen, and wrote a number of treatises on the controversies of his day. He belonged to a remarkably talented family, who have ever since played a most conspicuous part in the civil and ecclesiastical history of this country. Dr. Alexander says of him—"As a theologian, he was not inferior to any man in the Presbyterian Church of his day." It is not exaggeration to say that Rev. John Blair was one of the most gifted and scholarly of the many excellent men who have, in their histories, filled the pulpits of the "Springs churches."

After he left these churches were supplied by members of the New Castle Presbytery (New Side) up to the date of the re-union in 1758. Amongst these were some very distinguished men: Rev. Joseph Tate, the eloquent John Strain, Rev. Andrew Boyd, Rev. Charles Beatty and Rev. Gilbert Tennant.

At a meeting of Donegal Presbytery in 1760, Middle Spring

* John Blair was born in Ireland in 1720; studied at the Log College, Neshaminy; was licensed by New Castle Presbytery (New Side); settled at the Three Springs in 1742; at Fag's Manor in 1757, and filled the responsible position there made vacant by the death of his brother Samuel. After remaining here for ten years, was, in 1767, called to be Professor of Divinity in Princeton College; on May 9th, 1769, he resigned, and accepted a call to Wallkill, New York, where he died December 8th, 1771. He had eleven children, one a minister, a second a lawyer, another wife of Rev. Wm. Linn, D.D., who was, for a time, pastor of the church at Big Spring.

Church (first time this name is given on Presbytery records) presented a call to Rev. John Carmichael, of New Brunswick Presbytery. This was never accepted.

During this period, the following men acted as elders of this church:—John Reynolds (a public magistrate who lived in Shippensburg), Capt. John McKee, who lived near Newburg, and commanded a company in the Revolution; Allen Killough, who lived on the Ridge Road; David Herron, one of the grandest men of his day. He was collector of customs. During the vacancy after Mr. Blair, he attended to all Presbyterian duties of the congregation. These four men were ordained in 1742. John Findley, who lived, it is probable, on the farm now owned by John B. Mateer; William Anderson, who lived on the Ridge Road. These two were ordained in 1744. John Maclay, who lived near Roxbury; Thos. McComb, who lived near Orrstown. These two were ordained in 1747. To these I add the name of John McElree, as deacon, the only one I know of in the history of this church.

We have little information concerning the house of worship these fathers of the church erected. There has been preserved in an old Carlisle newspaper, this interesting scrap of history: "In 1738 the Presbyterians living in the vicinity of Middle Spring met to devise a plan for building a church, and the result of that consultation was the erection of a log building about thirty-five feet square, near the gate of the old graveyard, near the bank of the stream." It is one of the items of history that the graves of Dr. Cooper and his wife occupy the ground over which stood the pulpit of this first meeting house. This is the only authentic information which has reached our day of this house, which echoed to the eloquent and stirring appeals of Craighead and the classic diction of Blair. We are not afraid of contradiction, if we should say we are quite sure there was no church spire two hundred feet in height, no colored and stained glass in the windows, no cushioned and upholstered seats, no large pipe organ with quartette choir in the rear of the pulpit, no large reception room in the basement for grand soirees and church sociables. I suppose the earth

constituted the floor: benches were the seats; smooth peeled saplings were the rafters, and clap-boards were for the roof, with a precentor's desk beneath, and a square goblet-shaped pulpit tacked to the ceiling, on which lay a well-worn Glasgow or London edition of the scriptures, with Rouse's Psalm book, completed the furniture. Oh! were it standing to-day, what a precious relic of the past would it be! How delightful to visit this sacred spot, and after divine service to return home with some of its worshippers. To see the men with their homespun hunting shirts and moccasins, and from necessity practising—

“He scorns exotic food and gaudy dress,
Content to live on honest fare in peace;
Sweet to the taste his unbought dainties are,
And his own homespun he delights to wear.”

Carpets they had none; the floors were made not of boards, but of split wood, and many a happy house had not even this; their chairs were benches; their tables of the rudest kind, and the table furniture of the wealthy consisted of a few pewter dishes, plates and spoons, but the poor had them made of wood. Gourds and hard-shell squashes took the place of our tinware, while iron pots, knives and forks of different sizes and sets, were never seen. Yes, my friends, when we look back to this far distant period of a century and a quarter, it was these plain, honest, hard-working men and women, with their zealous, self-sacrificing pastors, who, by faith, by prayer, by honest and manly toil, and by victory over difficulties to which we are strangers, laid the permanent foundations here of both Church and State. All honor to these, and all glory to the God of our fathers! “Other men labored, and ye have entered into their labors.”

PART II.—*From the commencement of the Ministry of Doctor Robert Cooper to the completion of the Ministry of Doctor John Moody.*

The Presbytery of Donegal met at Chanceford, June 18th, 1765. A call was brought in from the congregation of Middle Spring, to Robert Cooper, a probationer, and a supplication to

Presbytery praying them to present said call. "The call was, accordingly, presented, and Mr. Cooper desired time to consider of it, as he cannot see his way clear at present, either to accept or refuse." Messrs. Campbell and Benjamin Blythe, commissioners from Middle Spring, informed the Presbytery that for Mr. Cooper's support, in case of his accepting their call, the congregation will make good to him the sum of one hundred pounds per annum, (\$250.00.)

At Marsh Creek, October 7th, 1765, Mr. Cooper accepted this call. Ordination exercises were appointed him. A discourse on Psalm 110: 3, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power," and an exegesis on the theme "*Au Christus qua Mediator sit adorandus.*" At a meeting of this Presbytery at Middle Spring, November 20th, 1765, "after these discourses were delivered, the Presbytery proceeded to consider of them which were sustained." Persons having objections against Mr. Cooper being ordained and installed pastor of this church, should bring them in. "No objections being brought in, Presbytery concluded to proceed thereto, and accordingly, after Mr. Bay had preached a sermon on 1 Corinthians 9: 16, 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,' and after usual engagements taken in due form, Mr. Cooper was solemnly ordained to the gospel ministry, with fasting and prayer, and interposition of hands of the Presbytery, and installed as pastor of this congregation, and had the right hand of fellowship given him, and took his seat as a member of this Presbytery."

In this, his first and only field, he labored as pastor over thirty-one years. The inscription on his tombstone of near forty years, and on the monument in the church-yard of thirty-two years, are both literally incorrect. The exact time was thirty-one years, four months and twenty-one days; but as he continued to live in the bounds of the congregation for nine years after his resignation, during most of which time this church was vacant, and as he acted as pastor, to a great extent, during these nine years, in this sense, the statement upon his tombstone by his son John, is in the main true.

In the autumn of 1796, at a meeting of Presbytery at Mid-

dle Spring, Dr. Cooper resigned the charge of this church. The Presbytery deferred action until the following spring, hoping that the strange, brooding melancholy, which, at this time, overwhelmed his mind in gloom, occasioned by a dropsical habit, might pass away; but at the spring meeting of the Presbytery, held April 12th, 1797, Mr. Cooper renewed his application, and the congregation, through her commissioners, Benjamin Blythe and Col. Robert Peebles, reluctantly concurring, the relation was dissolved, the congregation agreeing to pay his full salary, and besides deal generously with him.*

As pastor of this church he performed his labors with great fidelity, usefulness, and success. The congregation prospered greatly under his ministry, and attained, at its close, great size. He watched over his flock, "over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer," with uncommon solicitude and care, as a father over his child. He, pastorially as well as socially, visited systematically his large field again and again, and was usually accompanied in this work by his loyal and faithful wife. He took special interest in and pains to catechise the young. In his social intercourse with his people, he was remarkably free and jocose, and being the happy possessor of an abundance of Irish wit and humor, his visits were prized at every house and around every festal board in his congregation. He was blessed to an unusual degree with the unwavering affection of his people to the close of his life. He lived and owned the farm a short distance south of Newburg, now in the possession of Mr. David Foglesonger. This farm he purchased of John

* Robert Cooper was born in the North of Ireland in 1732; his father died while he was a child. When at the age of nine, his mother, with his two sisters and this son, sailed for America, and settled in Lancaster county, Pa. The family were poor and depressed in circumstances, but by the energy, thrift and frugality of his mother, from whom he largely inherited his physical and mental qualities, they were kept together. He received tolerable school advantages, and assisted himself in his early education by following plough-making. He received his preparatory education under Rev. John Roan, pastor of Mount Joy, Paxton and Derry, and afterwards went to Princeton College, where he graduated in September, 1763; studied theology under Rev. John Roan, and also, it would seem, under Reverend, afterwards, Dr. George Duffield, of Carlisle.

Trimble, on the 7th of June, 1776, and then contained two hundred and seven acres and seventy-four perches. The stone end of the farm house, adjacent to the road, I am told, was built by the congregation for him. His personal appearance was not prepossessing; of medium stature, of five feet ten inches, of a thin, spare habit; his face, except when animated, wore a sad, melancholy aspect. His grandson, Jonathan K. Cooper, Esq., of Illinois, writes to me that this last remark only applied to him in the later years of his life. He always wore a large wig.

In his day he was a popular preacher. This did not arise from his mincing the truth, pampering to the depraved tastes of fallen humanity, concealment of the pit of hell, or the awful realities of eternity, varnishing over Mount Sinai, and the law of God as it reaches to the very thoughts and intents of the heart, the flash of oratory, or attempted effect. Nor were the personal sins and shortcomings of his people passed over in *studied* silence. He was one of the most rigid disciplinarians in the history of the ministry of this church. He was noted for the unmistakable plainness of his exhortations, and, when necessary, the severity of his reproofs. His popularity came, as it alone can come, by giving full proof of his ministry. He preached the whole truth of God, the Law and Gospel; the awful tones of Sinai, blended with the sweet whisperings of Calvary. In his religious views he was strongly Calvinistic, and adopted our Confession of Faith "in toto."

He would frequently, either in whole or in part, write out his discourses, but in the pulpit, without the use of any aids, would speak in a brisk, off-hand manner. Often in the warmer weather, he would take off his wig, hang it upon the wall immediately behind him, lay aside any outer apparel which would trammel his delivery, and with all possible earnestness, press home the truth upon his hearers. In his prayers, after the Revolution, he never omitted any Sabbath morning to pray "that the country might be spared the horrors of a civil war, and all his people preserved in the right use of their reason." It was customary, during the greater part of his ministry, to

give out one line of the Psalm at a time; afterwards, the leader of the singing being urgent, two lines were given out. When the Psalm books were introduced, quite a serious difficulty sprang up in the congregation, which lasted more than one year. Some of the "pious old folks" contended, as they could not read the Psalms very well, they might commit a sin, whereas, when Dr. Cooper read for them, they knew it was *right*. Dr. Cooper was held in high repute in the church at large. In the year 1775 he was chosen moderator of the united Synods of New York and Philadelphia. In 1785 he, with Dr. Witherspoon, Dr. Robert Smith, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, and others of the great minds of the church, were appointed a committee to frame a system of rules for the government of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Miller, in speaking of this committee, says of him—"Dr. Cooper has a remarkably sound mind, and is a divine of great judiciousness, piety and worth."

In the year 1792 Dickinson College, Carlisle, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

He was a delegate to the first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in 1789; also in 1791, 1792, 1799, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804. He possessed a large library for his day; many of his books were purchased for him in Scotland by Dr. Witherspoon, president of Princeton College, and brought with him to America. Quite a number of men studied for the ministry under him; some of them became distinguished divines in Western Pennsylvania. Among these were Drs. Herron, Matthew Brown McConoughy, Revs. Williams and Brady.

He was a remarkably loyal presbyter. In a period of ten years, commencing with 1775, I cannot find a single absence set to his name in the Presbytery records, though they usually met four times in a year, and often at quite distant places from his home. He was a warm supporter of home missions, then in its infancy, and in the year 1770, as well as on several other subsequent occasions, crossed the mountains, and preached to the scattered settlers beyond the Alleghanies. Through his influence collections in behalf of Home Missions were taken up in this Presbytery, and also in the Synod. He was a most

zealous, active Whig, and played a most important part in the stirring, eventful days of '76. His commission and discharge will be found in the Appendix. For this part of his history I refer the reader to the address of Rev. J. J. Pomeroy, found on a subsequent page in this pamphlet.

More than one amusing anecdote has been rescued from the oblivion of the past, which, incidentally, throws not a little light upon the history of the days of Dr. Cooper. I here make room for one. He had the custom of calling the roll of the church members each Sabbath morning, and noted the absentees, whom he visited the following week. He also required his members to sing a Psalm on each Sabbath morning, going regularly through the book. Now, on a Communion Sabbath—solemn days were those—David Herron's name was called, (he was one of the most regular, reliable and godly members of Dr. Cooper's session), but there was no response. Amazed, the Dr. stood in silence. The clerk rose at his desk, and called again David Herron! No answer. Early the next morning, long before the hour of divine service, Dr. Cooper was seen trotting briskly up the creek, who was hailed by Capt. Hugh Brady, Capt. Strain and Archie Cambridge, as he passed in turn their houses, but there was no stopping him; on he went, until he reached the house of Mr. Herron, and passed rapidly in, and meeting Mr. H., said, in his unvarnished way, "Not at church yesterday! What is your excuse?" "Well, Doctor," said Mr. H., "you know your rules. Yesterday morning I got up a little earlier than usual; ate a little breakfast; read a short chapter; then we kneeled, and said a short prayer, and I commenced, with my family, to sing a Psalm, the one in course being the 119th. I could not violate your rules; I could not pass over it; I did my best, but was not able to finish it until in the afternoon!" Hereupon the Dr. arose, adjusting his wig, and placing his hand upon the shoulder of his faithful elder, said, "David, your excuse is a good one. I am *perfectly* satisfied," and then rode home.

On the 22d of February, 1765, Dr. Cooper was married to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Jonathan and Jane Kearsley, of

Carlisle. They had four children--two sons and two daughters. One son died in infancy. John, their oldest son, acted, for so many years, as the efficient principal of Hopewell Academy, a full account of whom you will find in Dr. Alfred Nevin's paper entitled "Hopewell Academy," published in this pamphlet. His eldest daughter, Jane, married Samuel Nicholson, who, at that time, was a wealthy landowner in the bounds of Rocky Spring church. She died early in life, and left one daughter. Elizabeth, his second daughter, married Rev. Isaac Greer--the father of Hon. R. C. Greer, of the Supreme Bench of the United States, and of Rev. Isaac Greer, of Millintown.

On the 5th of April, 1805, Dr. Cooper passed away, in the full possession of his mental faculties, in the seventy-third year of his age, and now lies sleeping in our old graveyard, amongst those he loved and to whom he ministered.

His wife is spoken of as one of the excellent--the very salt of the earth. Ever was she about her Master's business--administering joy, hope, comfort and consolation to all. Often would she, by her kind ministry, lift the heavy cloud of gloom and despondency from off her husband, which often hung so sorrowfully over that bright intellect. In the year 1829, twenty-four years after the death of her husband, on the evening of a cloudless day, when the sun was just sinking behind yonder mountains her spirit took its flight to God who gave it, and she, to the certain reward which every faithful, patient laborious minister's wife will receive at God's right hand.

From the end of Mr. Cooper's ministry in this church, until the commencement of Mr. Moody's, there is a period of six years, during which time Middle Spring Church was supplied by members of Carlisle Presbytery.

By appointment of Presbytery, Mr. Moody first preached at Middle Spring on the fifth Sabbath of November, 1801. On the 12th April, 1803, a call was presented to Carlisle Presbytery by this church for the pastoral services of Rev. John Moody, promising him the sum of £175. Mr. Moody accepted this call, and arrangements for his ordination and installation

were at once made. He was appointed to prepare a popular sermon on Romans 13: 10—"Love is the fulfilling of the law," and Presbytery adjourned to meet at Middle Spring on the first Tuesday of October, 1803, when, after his examinations were approved, Rev. Mr. Williams preached the sermon from 2d Corinthians 2: 17, and Rev. Dr. Robert Cathcart gave the charge to the pastor, he was solemnly set apart to the gospel ministry by prayer and interposition of hands of the Presbytery and installed over this church. He resigned this charge at the spring meeting of Presbytery, April, 1854. He was thus pastor of this church for fifty years, and seven months, and from the date of his call exactly fifty-one years.*

During the history of this long but quiet, harmonious ministry, little of striking interest had fallen under the observation of the writer to be recorded. In the year 1806 difficulties sprang up between Dr. Moody and many of the people on the subject of Baptism, which found their way to Presbytery. It would seem Mr. Moody had been rather strenuous on the subject of baptismal vows.

It was during his ministry, in the year 1833, that the Presbyterian churches of Newburg and Roxbury were organized by persons who had become more or less alienated from Dr. Moody and the people of Middle Spring Church. In brief, the causes of their temporary organization were these: 1st—The effects of the revival in Middle Spring Church in 1832, caused by the preaching of Duffield and others. 2d—The attempted introduction of Watt's Psalms and Hymns into the church. 3d—Prayer meetings. Mr. Moody held that leading in prayer by laymen engendered spiritual pride. 4th—Mr. Moody's neutral

*Mr. Moody's ancestors were natives of Ireland. His father came to America in 1773, and served in the Revolution. John, his oldest son, was born the 4th July, 1776, in Cumberland county; afterwards the family removed to Dauphin county, Pa. His preparatory education was obtained under Francis Hindman and Andrew Mitchel. He graduated at Princeton College, in September, 1796. He, after teaching for a time, studied theology under Rev. James Snodgrass. On October 6th, 1801, he, with Revs. H. R. Wilson, Adair, Braly and McGinley, was licensed by the Presbytery of Carlisle, at Chambersburg.

position upon the temperance question, which was then very prominent. Other minor family matters also entered in. This organization had an up and down existence for about twelve years, when it died out, and the remaining members of it returned back to the old fold. During this period Rev. Joseph McKee was called April 11th, 1838, by this organization, but was never installed. On October 1st, 1839, Rev. George D. Porter was called and installed over this field. He resigned this charge April 13th, 1843. He was the only settled pastor of Newburg and Roxbury churches. It was during his ministry that the Presbyterian church of Shippensburg was organized—a necessary outgrowth of Middle Spring.

In the earlier part of Mr. Moody's ministry, many of the families of this church living in Shippensburg, desired a portion of this service. This was never countenanced by a majority of the people, and was never granted. They then, after the removal of Rev. Mr. Walker, pastor of the Associate Reformed church of Shippensburg, sought a union with that church, with the understanding that all parties assist in remodeling the house, and in supporting a minister, who was to be selected either from the Presbyterian or Associate Reformed church, according to the leadings of Providence. Under this arrangement the Rev. H. R. Wilson was called in 1823, and the following families left this church:—D. Henderson, Major McKinney, George McGinnis, D. Nevin, Wm. Snodgrass, Jno. Maclay, the Cochrans, the Rippies, B. Reynolds, S. Sturgeon, J. Criswell, George Hamill, David Mahan, and others. H. R. Wilson was succeeded in 1840 by Rev. Dr. James Harper. He was succeeded in 1872 by Rev. W. W. Taylor. He was succeeded in 1875 by Rev. W. A. McCarrell, the present pastor.

Mr. Moody presented a fine personal appearance, fully six feet in height, with a weight of over two hundred pounds, of fair complexion. During the warm weather of the summer season, he would, while in the pulpit, wear a long, loose, gingham gown. As a theologian he made much more than ordinary progress. His "Compound of Divinity," written while a student for the ministry, now in my possession, indicates

a mental taste in this direction, which he afterwards cultivated. As a presbyter, he was very reserved, but his opinions always well received, and usually prevailed. He was rather of the phlegmatic temperament. One who sat under the sound of his voice for twenty years, uttered these three striking sentences: "I never saw him excited; I never saw him preach in Middle Spring church without the use of his manuscript; I never saw him lift his hand to make a gesture." He was remarkably orderly in all his work. His marriage, communicants' and baptism rolls are models of neatness and scrupulous care. His brief funeral addresses were always to the living. He was a student of the "Word"—no man could have preached for half a century to this large, attentive, intelligent congregation if he had not been. His sermons, though delivered in a sluggish manner, were full of pith and instruction to the attentive hearer. His grandest sermon of the barrel, he is said to have been the happy possessor, was founded upon this passage:—"Joseph is not and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me." Washington College, Pa., conferred upon him the honored title he bore.

Viewing his ministry from the standpoint of the present, I could not call it an earnest, effective one, nor one of marked success; unquestionably in the latter part of his pastorate the church rapidly lost ground both in membership and spiritual power. His ministry FAILED, in that it did not take hold upon the children, and the young of the church; in that it did not reach out and attract families and individuals who were not strictly identified with the Presbyterian church; in that it did not stir up the people to greater consecration of their means to God's service, and allowed a few to do the work, which the church, as a whole, ought to have performed; and in that there was little recognition of and using of God's providential finger as seen in the onward progress of history.

But when we remember his Christian consistency, his holy walk and conversation, his calm, steady trustful devotion to the cause and service of his God; his meek and quiet spirit—patient even under opposition and injury—his Jacob-like pre-

vailing power with God in prayer, acknowledged even by the most godless in the community; when we remember the marriages he solemnized; the sick beds he visited; the dead he committed to the earth; the sacrament of the Lord's Supper he administered; the baptismal vows he received of those who are sleeping with him, and the wrinkled brows here to-day upon whom he laid his consecrating hand; the precious truths of God which fell from his lips; the elevating moral influence of such a man upon society and when we see, run as far back as you please in that life, a singleness of aim, an honesty of purpose, a firm adherence to principle and a deep-seated desire always to do what was right—would it not be both cruel and unjust were I to record that his labors here were “in vain in the Lord?” Can you count the drops of water as they fall from the clouds, and the dew that distills upon the tender plants, and the beams of light as they come from their home in the skies to awaken into life the various forms of animated existence, to beautify, to cheer and to bless; so countless in their number, and perhaps as occult in their workings, have the blessings and the good influence been to the members and families of this church, of his ministry?

The last public act of Dr. Moody was an attempt to hold a short prayer meeting during a communion season in Middle Spring church, but through frailty of mind, he was unable to properly conduct it. His last official act in the congregation, and his five hundred and ninety-fourth wedding, was to officiate at the marriage of Mr. William Kerr and Miss Elizabeth Orr, and during the ceremony verged off on to the premature subject of infant baptism.

Three years after his resignation of this charge, when his mind had become that of a little child, when the circle of life was complete, on the 7th of October, 1857, he fell asleep, and now lies buried immediately behind the church, waiting the “resurrection of the just,” over whose grave has been placed a suitable monument by a grateful people.

On April 14th, 1802, Mr. Moody was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Crawford, of Dauphin county, Pa. The fruits

of this marriage were four sons and four daughters, the most of whom have passed over to the "majority."

During this period, the following named persons occupied the office of ruling elder in the church of Middle Spring: Col. Benjamin Blythe, lived at the head of Middle Spring—was a noted Indian and Revolutionary soldier; Francis Campbell, who lived in Shippensburg, a man of the finest literary attainments. Many of his articles were copied into the English magazines; Thomas Montgomery; David Summerville; Col. Robert Peebles, who lived on the farm now in the possession of Gen. David Middlecoff, (a Revolutionary soldier); Thomas McClelland, lived near the North Mountain; Robert Peebles, the worthy ancestor of our present worthy representative of the same name in the session; William Sterret, who lived on the Ridge road; John Maclay, sr., who lived at Maclay's mill, a conspicuous man both in church and State; Robert Donavin, lived near Centre Square, Franklin county, Pa.; John Herron, lived at Herron's Branch—a man of most liberal spirit and great usefulness as a public magistrate; Col. James Dunlap, lived near Newburg—a Revolutionary soldier; John Maclay, jr., who lived near Roxbury. To these I add the names of four as uncertain—John Heap, the noted pensman; Col. William Scott, Captain Culbertson, and Richard Rodgers.

During the ministry of Mr. Moody, we have the following: David Mahan, sr., (who lived on farm recently owned by Mr. Hugh Craig.) John Woods, Hugh Smith, Thomas McClelland, (the noted singer,) ordained October 20th, 1805; James Linn, ordained before 1824, (died 1835); James Barr, James McKee, James Wallace, ordained September 20th, 1822; George McGinnis, Daniel Henderson, Benjamin Reynolds—these last three uncertain; Jacob Porter; John Cooper, son of Dr. Robt. Cooper; William Rodgers, Alexander Peebles, Joseph Donavin, ordained April 16th, 1828; James R. Montgomery, the praying elder; Joseph M. Means, Robert McCune, (of the Pike,) John Shannon, (went west in 1840,) and James Kelso, ordained April 2d, 1836; Samuel Wherry, Robert S. McCune, David S. Runshaw, Abram S. McKinney, ordained December 30th, 1849.

These all filled their positions with great fidelity and honor, and of this number one alone remains to join in these services to-day—the hoary form of Joseph M. Means.

Next to their pastors, whom they would consult upon all domestic and temporal affairs, the people valued the bench of elders, the “helps ordained of God,” in exercising the oversight over their flocks, to whom, as unto friends, were submitted disputes between man and man, questions involving the rights of property and the rights of character. This is the explanation of so many trial-cases of various kinds found in the old session books of all our churches, and I doubt not the results were satisfactory for the most part, and usually in accordance with the moral law of God to the saving of public exposure of character often, and impoverishing lawyers’ fees.

HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

During this period great changes were made in the houses of worship used by this congregation. At the commencement of Mr. Cooper’s pastorate, (1765,) the people were still worshipping in the original log house. This one was now replaced by a second one similar in shape to the first, and built upon the same place but larger in size—forty-eight by fifty-eight feet. Owing to the rapid increase of the congregation, due to emigration and the popularity of Dr. Cooper, a short time prior to the Revolution, this second house was enlarged by additions on the sides and by a gallery, which was reached by two flights of stairs on the outside of the building. It was from the top of this stairway that Dr. Cooper, with his sword thrown over his shoulder, would, by his stirring appeals in behalf of their country’s needs, fire the patriotic blood of the brave men of ’76. All that now remains of this house is an old walnut table made of the pulpit. In 1781 the large stone house—fifty-eight by sixty-eight feet—was commenced, which stood a few rods west of the present church building. It was two stories in height, with the roof resting upon the walls, having at first no roof-stool. This caused the north wall to bulge out

some six inches, and to remedy this a row of long pillars, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, a distance of thirty feet, were placed across the entire building. A gallery extended around three sides of the house, at a distance of eleven feet from the main floor. Under the gallery, for its support, stood a row of eight pillars, besides those that stood against the wall, four in number. On the north side of the church were two large windows to the right and left of the pulpit, each containing one hundred panes, and with shutters, which reached half way up. Three large "panels," finely ornamented with ginger bread, and a brass knob adorning the centre of each, for the minister's hat, stretched between the two windows back of the pulpit. On the west and east sides were three windows and a door below, and four windows above. On the south side there were two doors and four windows below, and six windows above. One large aisle ran through the church from east to west, while two others opened into it from the doors on the south. The pulpit, which was goblet-shaped, was reached by a flight of ten steps, in which stood a bench for short preachers. Immediately above was the sounding-board, surmounted by an acorn, whose green "leaves faded never." Underneath the pulpit stairway was a small cupboard, and at the foot of it stood the precentor's desk, the platform being raised one foot above the level of the church floor. Immediately in front of the pulpit was the large chancel in which were placed the communion tables, and on the minister's right the seats for the members of session. The seats in this house were forty-six in number on the main floor, and thirty in the gallery, straight back and high, which, no doubt, some remember to their sorrow and discomfort. The whole of the interior of the building was of the finest carpenter work, performed by James Cooper and John Thompson. This part of the work cost about £939. The actual outlay for this building, beside much voluntary work on the part of the people, was £1,310 and 16 shillings. The interior was painted white, except the pews unpainted. Originally in this building there were two stoves. In the former log buildings there were none, but in

the year 1824, three more were added. On the outside of the church one of the stone steps adjacent to the south corner was made of limestone, while those nearest the west corner were made of sandstone. A row of locust trees ran along the front of the church, between which were benches made of ash slabs. Of the one hundred and thirty subscribers to this church building, Capt. Samuel McCune heads the list with a subscription of £40. A list of these, will be found in the Appendix. The pulpit was built by contributions from the ladies of the church, the wives and daughters of the heroes of '76. There are fifty-nine names; their aggregate contributions were £66. It was in this church that God's people worshipped for more than sixty years, around which so many and such tender memories cluster, which Prof. William Nevin has so touchingly inwrought into his "Memorial Poem." This venerable structure—O! that it were standing to-day—gave place to the present building, which was completed in 1847. The present building has been remodeled, repaired and enlarged, so that its original appearance has almost wholly disappeared. It was a plain brick building, with flat ceiling, with white seats striped with red, with a small gallery on the south, and one stairway on the left of the entrance door leading to it, and had also a narrow vestibule. While the log church buildings were standing, a saddle house, it is said, stood near by in the old grave yard; afterwards it was used as a pastor's study between the services, and also a place for the session to meet. After the stone building was erected a log saddle house stood on the ground now occupied by the parsonage yard.

During this period this church was chartered. The act of incorporation was signed and sealed by Governor Thomas Mifflin, on the 7th of March, 1792. The following persons constituted the first board of Trustees under this act:—John Heap, John McKee, John Woods, John McComb, David Mahan, John Maclay, jr., John Herron, William Scott, Robert Culbertson, David McKnight, Richard Rodgers and Matthew Henderson.

PART III—1854 TO 1876.—*From the commencement of the ministry of Rev. I. N. Hays to the present time.*

Dr. Moody resigned the pastoral charge of Middle Spring church the 11th June, 1854. He some time previous to this, exercising fatherly care over the church, desired them to take proper steps to secure a faithful minister of God to take his place without delay. In accordance with this request, they invited and heard a number of candidates, and a short time before Mr. Moody was dismissed, with one voice chose Rev. I. N. Hays as pastor, he being the only one named at the congregational meeting. On June 13th, 1854, Mr. Hays was installed pastor of this church, having previously been released from the charge of the Great Conewago church, Adams county, Pa. Here he continued his labors for fourteen years and five months. This church, at that time, presented a wide field for usefulness. The field was white to the harvest. The results of fifty years' sowing were to be reaped. The church was in pressing need of an earnest, practical, laborious, self-adapting man, and in the providence of God, as history has plainly demonstrated, the right man was found for the right place. This vineyard of the Lord needed to have the vines and even the little twigs and branches pruned and trained; the old moss-covered stones needed to be upturned, the stagnant pool of Bethesda required some angel to go down and stir the waters, and the many impotent folk lying around it needed some strong arm and willing heart to lift them up and place them in that they might be healed. A reformation in the manners and customs of the people, as well as in the discipline and polity of the church, was needed, and the session of this church, then composed of men of *more than ordinary* discernment and intelligence, turned with anxious eyes to the pastor of Great Conewago church, as the instrument, under God, by whom this great work was to be accomplished. Oh! it was a grand, golden opportunity for leaving his impress upon the church, for effective work in his Master's cause, and for gathering the wheat by the hundred fold into the garners, which Brother Hays at once recognized and improved to the utmost.

For four years after the commencement of his ministry here, this church enjoyed a continuous revival, during which time there were scarcely a day he could not have gone to some anxious, inquiring soul. In these four years one hundred and forty persons were added to the membership of the church. During all his ministry here a very fair average of additions were made—twenty-three either by certificates or examination each year. The church trebled her benevolent contributions, which were, perhaps, unduly directed to the Foreign Mission work. The boundaries of the congregation were extended: regular preaching was established each alternate Sabbath afternoon at Newburg and Orrstown, which soon became important out-posts of this congregation. A number of families and individuals were brought into the church, which were of an element entirely outside the Presbyterian faith. I doubt not, that during these fourteen years, the very heart of his life and ministry, and the vigor and flower of his manhood, the great spiritual work of his life was accomplished as pastor of Middle Spring church. At the expiration of this time, in his own judgment, his work was accomplished, and Providence opened up another field nearby, upon which he at once entered.*

After the resignation of Rev. I. N. Hays, Middle Spring Church remained vacant for one year and a half, though the

*Mr. Hays was born in Washington county, Pa., four miles south-west of the historic town of Canonsburg, on the 17th of April, 1827. He was the eldest of three brothers, who are in the ministry, and at the present time all engaged in educational institutions. On March 7th, 1846, he made a public profession of faith in Christ, in the college church in Canonsburg, and in June, 1847, graduated at Jefferson College. After spending three years at the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Ohio, (now Pittsburg,) April 18th, 1850. In June following, he accepted a call to Great Corewago Church, Adams county, Pa., and was ordained and installed October 10th, 1850. Here he remained four years, until called to Middle Spring. From Middle Spring he was called to take pastoral charge of a new organization in Chambersburg, and entered upon his duties there, December 1st, 1868. He resigned the charge of the Central Church, Chambersburg, in April, 1874, and on the first of June of this year, having received a call, he entered upon his ministry at Junction City, Kansas, but on account of two overwhelming calamities which shortly after befel that country, viz: the drought and Grasshopper or Locusts, he was never installed, and in fifteen

pulpit was usually occupied, and though several attempts were made to secure a pastor, but on account of divisions of sentiment in the congregation and other causes, these proved fruitless, until the autumn of 1869, when Rev. D. K. Richardson was called, and having accepted, commenced his labors on January 1st, 1870, and was installed on May 6th of the same year. He resigned this pastoral charge December 21st, 1871—a short pastorate of one year, six months and fifteen days. The great and perhaps *only* defect of his ministry here was its brevity, and hence the danger of being more or less incomplete. As I once walked through an art gallery in Antwerp, I was struck with the appearance of one painting hanging in one rather obscure corner of the room. When I came to study it, I found it to be the crude outline form of an unfinished landscape painting by the hand of one of Europe's most celebrated artists—Vandyke. I could see the outline form of the trees, but there were no leaves upon them, the crude shape of the mountains and hills with the dim outline of a valley and the course of a stream of water—that was all. Becoming discouraged he left it, and so it remains until this day. And when in that same, and other galleries, I beheld, with feelings of admiration and pleasure, his many other exquisite works of art, so beautiful, so lifelike, so almost perfect, in which he must have thrown his whole soul, it only heightened my disappointment when I viewed this one. Such are my feelings, as I contemplate the ministry of Rev. D. K. Richardson in Middle Spring Church. Mr. Richardson writes to me that the first year of his labors in Middle Spring Church was one of great discouragement, which arose from an absence of the convicting and converting presence of the Holy Spirit and

months returned to this Valley, and took charge of the State Normal School, at Shippensburg, to the principalship of which he had been elected, where he, at the present, remains. On December 17th, 1850, Mr. Hays was married to Miss Rebecca King, of Adams county, Pa., by whom he has had, in the providence of God, three sons and five daughters. Two of his eldest daughters—Rebecca and Carrie—are sleeping together in our sacred enclosure. His eldest son is now a practicing physician of Newville, Cumberland county, Pa.

dissharmony in the church. During the latter part of this year things became more settled, and there was an increased interest in the preaching of the Word. On the third Sabbath of January, 1871, during the afternoon services at Newburg, the presence of the Spirit became very manifest. It proved to be the Prophet's cloud from the sea, and the harbinger of a gracious revival, which extended pretty generally through the congregation, and resulted in the accession of forty-seven to the membership of the church. In the opening of the winter of this same year, five Sabbaths after this, pastor and people had completed the repairs upon the present house of worship. Mr. Richardson, having received a call from the church of Greencastle, Franklin county, Pa., was dismissed from this church on the 21st of December, 1871. During his ministry here the church, no doubt, was spiritually greatly benefitted; this Brother was growing in favor each day with this people; while the hearts of some were kind to him as that of Jonathan to David, and I doubt not the dissolution of this pastoral relation was the saddest and most unexpected in the history of this church.*

* Mr. Richardson was born in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, on the 7th of January, 1836, of pious parentage, whose father, for a number of years, was an honored elder in the church. The scripture adage was illustrated in the early history of his life—"train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." It had been his purpose to enter the legal profession for which he had made preparation, but "God's thoughts are not as our thoughts," nor are "His ways our ways." So, by a strange yet plain course of providential steps, God led him to a higher mission—to preach Christ and Him crucified to a lost, "ungodly world." He graduated at the Western Theological Seminary in the spring of 1863; he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Maumee, at West Unity, Ohio, April 30th, 1863; was ordained as an evangelist at Napoleon, Ohio, November 22d, 1864, and for six years, until he was called to Middle Spring, he continued to labor as a stated supply in several charges in North-western Ohio. In all his fields of labor, both in this State and Ohio, God has especially sealed his ministry with the conversion of souls. On an average, since he left the Seminary, twelve years since, twenty persons, each year, have been added to the church by examination through his labors. This is testimony far higher than the short-sighted utterances of man as to the worth and acceptableness of the ministry of this Brother in Christ. He was married to Miss S. L. Hosack, and is now the honored father of five children, who are living, four sons and one young daughter.

The present pastoral relation was pleasantly formed on the 11th of June, 1872, Rev. S. S. Wylie having previously received a call from Middle Spring Church of February 19th, 1872. During these more than four years to the present time, God has been with us as pastor and people, and has lead us by His high hand and stretched arm and given us unmistakable tokens of His "abiding presence," and granted us continued peace and harmony. May such continue until our work together is finished or until He has safely conveyed us to the other side of the turbulent Jordan.*

During this period the following persons were placed in the office of the eldership:—Jas. B. Orr, Robert Elliott, W. A. Cox, Benjamin Peebles and David Reside, ordained and installed September 3d, 1857; W. A. P. Linn, William D. Means, Alex. Pomeroy and Robert H. McElhinny, ordained and installed October 4th, 1874.

* Mr. S. S. Wylie was born on December 21, 1844, some three miles north-east of the town of Washington, in the county of the same name, Pa. He was the youngest son of David and Harriet B. Wylie. He was early consecrated to God and trained up from infancy in the principles of our holy religion, by a pious and solicitous mother, who, under God, was the main instrument by which his life, thus far, has been directed. His early mental education was much neglected; working upon his father's farm during most of the year, until at the age of sixteen he was sent to the preparatory department of Washington College, where, having spent two years, he was admitted to the Freshman Class of the same institution. In his eighteenth year united with the Presbyterian church of Chartiers, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Wm. Eweing. In the year 1867 graduated in the United College of Washington and Jefferson, and in the autumn of the same year entered the Western Theological Seminary. Was taken under care of Presbytery of Ohio (afterwards Pittsburgh) on October 1st, 1867, and was licensed by the same Presbytery on April 28th, 1869. After he graduated at the Western Theological Seminary in April, 1870, spent the summer of this year as stated supply to the three churches of Cherry Tree, Unity and Bethesda, in the eastern portion of Indiana county, Pa., and on October 28th, sailed for Scotland, and spent the winter of 1870 and 1871 at the Theological Seminary of the Free Church of Scotland in Edinburg. Returned again to America in the autumn of 1871, and on June 11th, was ordained and installed pastor of Middle Spring Church, where he remains at the present time. He was married on November 24th, 1874, to Miss Jennie M. McCune, of Cumberland county, Pa., and has one infant child.

The present session of Middle Spring Church consists of James B. Orr, W. A. Cox, B. H. Peebles, R. H. McElhinny, Alexander Pomeroy, W. D. Means and W. A. P. Dinn.

The present house of worship was, in the year 1858, during the ministry of Rev. I. N. Hays, enlarged by an addition of twelve feet at the south end, and otherwise changed, giving a larger vestibule, greater seating capacity in the church, a prayer meeting room, and also heaters in the basement, done at a cost of \$2,500. It was from this time that prayer meetings were held in this church.

In the spring of 1871, during the pastorate of Rev. D. K. Richardson, this same house was vastly improved in appearance, and remodeled in style. The walls were raised, the pulpit lowered, the interior frescoed, the gallery taken away, the lecture room enlarged and floor of church carpeted, all in admirable taste; so that many persons of culture pronounce the interior of this present building one of great symmetry of proportions, harmony of colors, coupled with great neatness and plainness and free from all unwise ostentation. This cost \$4,666.00.

It was during the earlier part of Mr. Hays's ministry in this church, that the present arrangement of preaching at Orrstown and Newburg was made, which has so continued. A brief history of this latter church has already been given. That part of Middle Spring church now worshiping at Orrstown, in the year 1820, was held as common territory of the Associate Reformed church of Shippensburg and Middle Spring with a few members of Rocky Spring. In the year 1823, a log meeting and school house was built upon the site of the present town of Orrstown, in which occasional preaching was held by Presbyterian ministers, usually by Rev. Dr. H. R. Wilson of Shippensburg, on week days, up to the year 1839. In the year 1841 the present Presbyterian church was built, and in November was dedicated, when Rev. Dr. John Moody offered up the dedicatory prayer. On the settlement of Rev. I. N. Hays, as pastor of Middle Spring, occasional preaching was held usually every fourth Sabbath afternoon, but afterwards

every alternate Sabbath afternoon, with Newburg, and so remains as an important outpost of this congregation.

The first Sabbath school organized in Middle Spring church was in the summer of 1855. Mr. Samuel Wherry was its superintendent. His son, Samuel M. Wherry, is the present efficient superintendent of this school, with B. A. Peebles and Jas. B. Orr superintendents at the wings.

In the year 1855 the present home-looking commodious parsonage was built. The ground on which it stands, with the lower of the subjoined lots, was a part of the "Glebe lands," which this church received by deed in the year 1793, and was never sold to any party. The central and upper of the three lots had also belonged to the church, or Glebe lands, but were sold by the Trustees, and, after passing through several hands, were re-purchased again by the church. The central lot of these three, containing one acre, has had quite a history. This one, in connection with a number of others, was purchased of the trustees by George Deihl; Levi Deihl, his executor, sold it to Daniel Byers; Byers sold it to (Aunt) Mary Cox; Mary Cox sold it to John Cox, sr.; he sold it to Mr. Wonderlich for Wm. Culp, and on October 16th, 1854, through R. S. McCune, it was bought back for the church, with the present sexton's house upon it, for \$600.00. The parsonage of nine rooms cost \$2,500, the grounds \$1,200, stable \$300; the whole the sum of \$4,000. Much of the honor of thus securing the minister of the church a comfortable home, was due to Robert S. McCune and Samuel Wherry, assisted by Elder McCune, John Orr, sr., Andrew Frazier, and Wm. Linn, sr.

I here insert a brief and correct history of the church lands, concerning which there has ever been much ignorance and error. On the 27th of May, 1767, there was surveyed and sold to Francis Campbell, Robert Chambers, William Duncan and John Maclay, the following tract of land, situated in Hopewell township, Cumberland county, Pa., called "Mount Hope," very much in the form of a wedge, with the head extending along the Middle Spring, beyond the old graveyard, and the sharp point reaching almost to Means's run in the direction of Ship-

pensburg, containing forty-nine acres and one hundred and ten perches, for which they paid the State of Pennsylvania the sum of £9 and 16 shillings. This land was patented by these men on September 17th, 1790, and in November, 1793, they deeded it to the Trustees of Middle Spring church. On the 3d of December, 1813, there was sold of this land at public auction, nine acres and nine perches, lying along and including the water right of Middle Spring, to Samuel Cox, at \$150.00 per acre. On the 10th of May, 1825, of the remainder, twenty-four acres and fifty-three perches were sold to Mr. George Deihl for the sum of \$486.62. Thus there remains something above sixteen acres of these church lands. This is all the land Middle Spring church now owns, or has any just title to. The patent deeds and articles of agreement are all now in my possession.

The old graveyard belonging to this church was used from its earliest history. The oldest records now legible, however, only date back to 1770. The oldest names appear to be the Wrights and Johnsons. The present stone wall was built before 1805. The mason work was done by Stephen Harland. It had a shingle comb roof and was painted red. This was the work of John Thompson. The upper, or new yard, was enclosed in 1842. The mason work was done by David Coleman. The flagging for the top of the wall was hauled from a quarry at Three Square Hollow. The cost of it was about \$800. For the convenience of many of the people beyond the Conodoguinet, and during high waters before the bridges were placed over that stream, Hannah's graveyard was opened one mile north of Newburg. During the last two years this congregation has shown a commendable zeal well worthy of imitation, in caring for these sacred enclosures. A sum of over \$500 has been raised and placed on interest in the hands of a judicious committee, the interest of which is to be expended in keeping them in proper repair.

Of the vast numbers who are sleeping in these cities of the dead, awaiting the resurrection of the dead, it is with awe and feelings of solemnity I now speak of. It is said that the lower

yard has been buried over three times. When we remember that here four and one-half generations have bere passed away, the crowded condition of both, but especially the old one, that it was the only burying ground for ten miles in every direction for many years, the vast population which has here lived and passed away, the number must be very great. A friend, well competent to judge, said, after some thought, "there must be seven thousand bodies there sleeping their last sleep." Oh! upon that resurrection morning, when God shall speak to the grave to give up its dead, and when the trumpet sounds of life and immortality shall be heard in yonder tombs, what scenes will then be witnessed! God grant that each of you, with your fathers, may have part in the *first* resurrection.

On November 22d, 1855, there was organized in Middle Spring church a Female Missionary society. The officers were, President, Mrs. Jane McCune; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Mary Ann Pomeroy, Mrs. Mary McCune, Mrs. Annie E. Middlecott, Mrs. Jane Means and Mrs. Margery Hemphill; Secretary, Miss Eleanor S. Wherry; Treasurer, Miss Mary E. Smith. The contributions of this society, from the year 1855 to the year 1875, with the exception of five years, from 1869 to 1874, were \$1,771.65. Mrs. J. Clark Stuart is now the presiding officer of this society. All these contributions have been directed to the great Foreign Mission work of the Presbyterian Church.

Of the many young men who have gone forth from this nursery of piety, and have dedicated themselves to the great work of the gospel ministry, I have now space to record but little, and the list I am fearful is very imperfect. Some of these have passed to their reward; some are with us to-day, while others are far distant from us lifting up the cross of Christ to gaze of the heathen world.

Rev. William Linn, son of William Linn, of Lurgan township, who married Rev. John Blair's daughter, was, for many years, pastor of Big Spring Church.

Rev. Joseph B. McKee was a stated supply, for a time, to the Newburg and Roxbury charge, and afterwards died at West Newton, Pa.

Rev. John Peebles, licensed by Presbytery of Carlisle, 1824, and in 1825 dismissed to Huntingdon Presbytery.

Rev. Francis Cummins, a student of Hopewell Academy.

Rev. James Smith, son of Hugh Smith and Elizabeth McCormick, graduate of Dickinson College and Princeton Seminary; was, for a time, settled in Philadelphia and afterwards went west, and is now probably dead.

Rev. James Rodgers, a student of Hopewell Academy.

Rev. Joseph Trimble.

Rev. John Wherry, a student of Princeton College and Seminary; was licensed by Carlisle Presbytery, October 2d, 1861; ordained at Middle Spring March 16th, 1864; sailed for China May 29th, 1864, and reached Shanghai November 9th, 1864; returned to America June 1st, 1875.

Rev. T. X. Orr, born August 10th, 1836, having received his preparatory education at Shade Gap, entered Jefferson College and graduated in autumn of 1857; practiced law in Chambersburg to 1860; entered Theological Seminary at Allegheny, January, 1861; licensed by Carlisle Presbytery June, 1862; graduated at seminary April, 1863, and delivered the valedictory for his class; ordained and installed as pastor of Central church, Allegheny, July, 1865, and installed as pastor of First Reformed Church (Dutch), Philadelphia, May, 1869, where he labors at the present time.

Rev. John Jay Pomeroy, born at Roxbury, Franklin county, Pa.; his preparatory education was obtained at Tuscarora Academy, and afterwards graduated at Lafayette College, 1857, and of Princeton Seminary, 1861, and on April 10th, 1861, licensed by Carlisle Presbytery; he was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Lewes over the church of Dover, Delaware; acted as chaplain in the army from September 16th, 1862, to June 3d, 1865; on August 29th, received and accepted a call to Upper Octorara church, and is now the acceptable pastor of the Presbyterian church of Rahway, New Jersey.

Rev. Stephen W. Pomeroy, prepared for college at Academia Academy; entered Lafayette College, and graduated August, 1861; graduated at Princeton Seminary April 24th, 1866;

became stated supply to the Seventh Street church of Harrisburg, from September 20th, 1866, to April 12th, 1876, when he received a call to the McConnellsburg charge and was installed and ordained November 6th, 1868; continued as pastor until April 12th, 1871, and having received a call to Newton Hamilton and Mount Union, entered upon his duties there May 1st, 1871, where he now remains.

Rev. Alex. Kelso, graduated at Washington and Jefferson College July, 1865; graduated at Princeton Theological Seminary April 27th, 1869; was licensed and ordained by Carlisle Presbytery; sailed as a Foreign Missionary for India in September, 1869; remained at Saraharanpur, Punjab until 1873, and then went to Rawal Pindi where he now labors.

The parentage of the ministers of the worthy Nevin name, and Rev. Joseph Mahan of Shippensburg, all found a spiritual home in Middle Spring church.

One of the richest legacies which Middle Spring church has bequeathed to the world and one of the striking features of her history, is the number and worth of her sons in the ministry.

As we take a retrospect of these one hundred and thirty-eight years now before us, there are many lessons which crowd upon me for utterance. I only indicate three:

First—What has a century and a third wrought? What great things God hath done, through the faith, the prayers, and the consecration of your fathers, for this community, for our country and even the world? Yet, in that time what names and families have passed away! “Your fathers, where are they, and the Prophets, do they live forever?” Another century, and what and who of us shall be left! “He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth like a shadow, and continueth not.”

Second—What lessons of warnings, instruction and humility lie in a retrospect of this history? “I said days should speak and multitude of years should teach wisdom.”

Third—Under what obligations of gratitude to Almighty God, and renewed reasons for consecration, are we placed, in

view of the past. When we think of the benevolent work of this church, in its contributions of men and money to the work of mission and education; when we think of the streams of influence which have issued forth from this fountain to make glad the city of our God; the many and marked spiritual deliverances from Egyptian bondage here experienced, and how God has watered, especially in this last period of its history, "this vine," and the vineyard which His right hand hath planted; the times of refreshing we have enjoyed from the presence of the Lord, and when we see how many have been kept, "by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time"—surely we will be compelled to exclaim "bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits;" "who redeemeth thy life from destruction," "who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;" surely we can sing—

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come."

But, oh! my brethren, "wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," who are seated in Glory: in view of the great work they have left us to complete: the many stones yet to be shaped and laid upon this spiritual temple, and the overwhelming responsibilities under which we rest, in view of the past, the present and the future—does it not become us all—we, who are, or have been, the shepherds of this fold, you who have gone forth from it as "Ambassadors for Christ," we of the eldership, you of the membership, to-day, standing beside the graves of your fathers, to renew our allegiance, our covenant, engagements, and our vows unto God, and anew consecrate and dedicate ourselves to the great work which God in His providence has left us to do.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen!"

At the close of Rev. Wylie's address, the audience was dismissed, and after partaking of refreshments and engaging in social intercourse, re-assembled at 2.00 P.M., when Prof. Wm. M. Nevin, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., read a poem entitled "Middle Spring Church."

PROF. WILLIAM M. NEVIN'S POEM.

To thy blest shades once more do we return,
Sweet Middle Spring, but not as erst* to mourn.
No walls condemn'd, no aged trees decay'd,
No church fore-doom'd is here to be survey'd,
But wide the scene, through zeal of later years,
Of bright improvement the fresh beauty wears;
And nature, now advanc'd to summer's prime,
Shows not the seath but the rich flush of time;
To appear forlorn, before this joyful throng,
On this bright day, would be obtrusive wrong.
Yet even now of olden times to tell,
Though not in sorrow, do we think it well;
For serve will such rehearsal not to alloy
But rather to enhance our present joy.
Our onward course still rightly to pursue,
'Tis well sometimes to cast a backward view;
Old modes may pass, new fashions be put on,
Still from the old are sagest maxims drawn.
New strength is had, the brightest lustre cast,
From dwelling fondly on the faded past;
Like as the moon, no longer on the wane
But on the increase, her previous glow to gain,
Night after night, to reach her highest charms,
Still fondly bears the old moon in her arms.

Stood here in former days a church of stone,
In its own grandeur, solitary, lone.

* In allusion to a monody written on revisiting the old Stone Church a short time before it was taken down—May, 1847.

Its walls compact and strong, as of a fort,
With dangerous times, late past, did well comport.
From their freed land had all invaders gone,
Yet still to martial modes our sires held on,
And in all structures, taught, they understood
For strength that stone superior is to wood:
Of which to have their own best houses built,
And not their church would have been ruthless guilt;
So its foundations laid they firm and sure,
Betide what might that it might still endure:
Yet not their Meeting House did they profane
With sumptuousness, but had it chaste and plain.

No decorated arch, no proud façade,
But simplest style its modest walls display'd;
Above no belfry show'd, was heard no bell
That might the hour for service widely tell.
So, Sunday's morn, when gather'd people stood
Diversely scatter'd through the enclosing wood,
No move was made till some one peeping in
The doorway through, upon the brazen pin
The pulpit plac'd above, did first espy
The preacher's broad brimm'd hat suspended high;
Which to denote, that all might understand,
He to the nearest beckon'd with his hand;
For that suspended hat the fact did show
That, though unseen, sat the divine below;
And from all parts the people, thereupon,
Converging towards the church were slowly drawn;
Which forward move to mark should any fail
To fetch these would the psalm soon rais'd prevail.

Of that old church grave was the look within;
No fret, no fresco on its walls were seen;
Through stained glass was shed no color'd light;
Its pulpit, walls, and balustrade were white;

No decorations to allure the eye
Or wandering thoughts were plac'd around on high;
No sculptur'd image that might be ador'd—
Save the one huge acorn o'er the sounding-board,
Of strength the embryo type, standing between
Three leaves divergent of unfading green.
Its pews of pine unpainted were and hard;
High backs disparting each, thus straitly barr'd,
On which at prayer the worshiper oppress'd
From long up standing could his elbows rest;
For not as yet was the soft license ta'en
In time of prayer down seated to remain,
Save by a few perhaps from feebling old
Or failing health to that sad posture held.
To others was allow'd no such dispense,
Condemn'd by all as gross irreverence.
Yea, to our fathers, of endurance rare,
Not standing long but sitting was a care.
E'en under preaching oft some elder grave,
Who with decorum always did behave,
Solemn and slow would from his pew arise,
Lean o'er its front, with earnest, steadfast eyes
Fix'd on the preacher, thus to have it shown
That on his reasoning his whole soul was thrown.

One pew alone was of dimensions rare;
Not narrow, like the rest, but wide and square,
Which had a nearer, more respected site,
Immediately beneath the pulpit's height.
This was the Elders' Pew, for these reserv'd
When on Communion days were to be serv'd
By them the tables plac'd along the aisle;
Here sat they first in readiness the while.
All other times, within its ample space
The clerk possess'd his lone, commodious place.
Yet by him seated sometimes would be seen
Some aged sires, whose hearing not being keen,

Here leaning on their staves they caught full well
The droppings of the sanctuary as they fell.

Serv'd in the gallery then no lightsome choir,
But here this clerk below, a tall, grave squire,
Who, when 'twas time, advancing with his book
At his low desk his proper station took.
His tuning-fork, first struck, held to his ear,
The pitch he caught and sounded it full clear;
Yet never strain'd his voice nor in his pride
To beat the time with force his arms applied,
But gently sway'd him as in solemn mood
The tenor of the tune he calm pursued;
While led by him all people in the house
Conjoin'd to sing some holy psalm of Rouse.
That sacred music! Still through memory's ear
Those old fugue tunes almost methinks I hear!
Part foll'wing part to blend at length in one,
From hearts how true! New gone—forever gone!

Not open, wide-spread, unconfin'd, and low,
Its seated parson did the pulpit show;
But by a narrow stair-way up 'twas led
To where this stood in bold relief o'erhead,
Shap'd like a goblet, fast against the wall,
With sounding-board above secure from fall,
All clos'd around, with nothing to expose,
Till from it, like the sun, the good man rose,
And thus first seen, as from his sacred head,
Around him seem'd a sort of glory shed.

From such a height methinks the spoken word
By those below with deeper awe was heard.
Rightly the preacher stood not on a par
With his own people, but above them far;
And that high reverence, in God's house observ'd
Was tow'rds his person at all times preserv'd.

Aloof, week days, kept he from every sort
Of worldly converse which might not comport
With his high calling, never took a share
In games with others though they harmless were,
And oft'ner did his social hours employ
In house of mourning than in house of joy.
Thus did he save his cloth from every stain,
And everywhere esteem and love maintain,
With reverent fear combined and awe, likewise,
What times he came abroad—to catechise.

One Sunday morn, before our startled eyes,
From that high desk a wonder did arise.
In our own morn, while yet our thoughts were new,
In our best clothes while sat we in our pew,
Expecting soon to see the reverend head
Of our own pastor rise, up rose instead
A face jet-black, with eyeballs rolling white,
And whoolly head, which wrought us much affright:
For, oh, for sure we thought for some abuse
Of holy day the avenger was let loose;
That in God's house among the sons of men,
As in Job's days, had Satan come again!
So rare it was in those stern times to see,
Ere Lincoln's act had set all bondsmen free,
A learned Presbyterian divine
Rise up to preach—with face of ebon shine!

When had the morning service its full end,
In summer time folks did not homeward wend,
But near and far dispers'd beneath the shade,
In patience for the latter service staid;
For they had ridden far and well deserv'd,
Each Sabbath, with two sermons to be serv'd;
And, during that blest time that interven'd,
In seemly fashion all themselves demean'd;
From every pastime, every thought abstain'd.
Which on that day should not be entertain'd.

In front, where stood some locusts in a row,
Their cooling shades thrown on the seats below,
Some elders mostly sat, or stood around
In squads of two or three, with looks profound,
Discussing matters of the gravest weight,
As it might seem, alike to Church and State;
While, less oppress'd with any public cares,
But more concern'd about their own affairs,
In partial groups all scatter'd through the wood,
Hard by each station where their horses stood,
In various moods beneath the shading oaks,
Seated or standing, were most other folks.

How sweet it was for kindred here to meet
Each Sabbath at their old accusom'd seat,
Who from each other sever'd through the week.
Of gather'd news had now a fund to speak :
On which dealt out with keener gust they far'd
Than even on cakes or fruits which round were shar'd.
Of drought continued or of too much rain
Sometimes, indeed, some farmers did complain :
But through the week, or good or ill the events
Which had befall'n, as acts of Providence
They mostly view'd, which had been wisely sent,
And never should be met with discontent.
No journal here was read, no printed sheet,
Nay not apart ev'n in some hid retreat ;
Yet letters, through the week arriv'd, now brought
By townsfolk for their friends, it was not thought,
Even by the gravest, any sad abuse
Of time nor place here jointly to peruse ;
Against the Fourth Command 'twas no offence
To break their seals and read their rich contents—
Letters from some bright lad to college sent,
On whom his parents' fondest hopes were spent,
Or from some cherish'd miss at boarding school.
All fairly writ, form'd from her teacher's rule,

Or from some friends residing far abroad,
Which now had reach'd them, weeks upon the road;
Not relish'd less for that, nay valued higher
Than any news now had through cars or wire;
For still we hold this maxim to be true:
Pleasures are deeper felt when they are few,
And hearing not too often from our friends
Secures them more the enchantment distance lends.

Between the young, ev'n in this sacred grove,
Were cast at times commutual looks of love.
Ah, not in hall of revelry or mirth
Can such exchanges have such lasting worth;
For soonest in the tide of pleasure's show
May our affections ebb, though wild their flow;
But these which unobserv'd sometimes intrude,
Not inconsistent with our serious mood,
Which silently our solemn thoughts pervade
While we are seated in the Church's shade,
These are more settled, sanctified and pure,
And through all time are likeliest to endure.

Decent themselves, nay in their Sunday's best,
All vain adornings did our sires detest;
And those who swerv'd from well-establish'd rules
They look'd upon, to say the least, as fools.
Had from his gig some dashing beau from town
Driv'n to the steps to hand his mistress down,
As if to have borne her to the hitching place
There to alight had done her some disgrace,
Or were some ladies in their style of dress,
Bedeckt to some extravagant excess,
Frown'd on were such by prudent matrons all,
And some would whisper, Pride may have a fall;
Such trappings it might do, perhaps, to sport
At any gay or fashionable resort,

But at God's house upon His holy day,
'Twas not the proper place for vain display.

Adown that slope between the church and stream,
In neat attire, which well did them beseech,
Maidens, not caring to be all unseen,
In social bands went lightly o'er the green,
Converging towards the font that gush'd below—
Ah me, long since that it hath ceas'd to flow!—
Where congregated, modest and reserv'd,
By some smart swain each in her turn was serv'd.

But, ah, from these how solitary, lorn,
Were those apart who had withdrawn to mourn,
Down in the church-yard situate below,
Who, in the dark habiliments of woe,
Scatter'd and few, beside their cherish'd dead,
Yet found some balm ev'n in the tears they shed.

These were thy charms, sweet Middle Spring, were these,
Which in thine olden times were wont to please:
When thy lone church look'd through its openings green
Down to thy stream with naught to intervene,
When 'neath thy trees the shaded view was clear,
No parsonage and sure no factory near,
But free from every foreign sight and sound
The Sabbath held its sovereign rule around.

But while thus dwelling fondly on the past,
No envious shade would we desire to cast
On present times; of these the glories more
We own to be than any had before;
And with our country we enjoy the cheer
Prevailing wide through this, her hundredth year:
We pride us on the works that she has done,
In art, in science on her triumphs won;
And that with hers to have their flags unfurl'd,

Conspire the noblest nations of the world;
Still must we say, The brightest lustre cast
On her proud name has reach'd her from the past,
And what of all she holds the dearest bought
Are those first rights for which our fathers fought.
Though in our comforts, in our ease advanc'd,
In value all our property enhanc'd,
Yet in sound morals must we still allow
More firm those ancients stood than we do now;
And what we've gain'd, if we are more refin'd,
We've lost in virtues that we've left behind;
And this of all we're most disposed to blame,
The holy Sabbath is not quite the same.

Church of my sires, from thee though far away
My feet have roam'd—perhaps sometimes astray—
In other church though I have bow'd the knee,
In all respects not consonant with thee,
Of grand cathedral stood within the aisle,
And with its music been enrapt the while,
Yet from my heart thy precepts to erase
Hath interfer'd, than thine, no holier place.
Thy hallow'd services, thy solemn vows,
The blest communions of thine ancient house—
From these on me the sacred influence left,
No time, no teachings ever have bereft;
And though thy former house is now unknown,
Not left upon another now one stone,
And on its site this modern one is plac'd,
Of neater structure and of richer taste,
While newer thoughts accordant with this age,
Its later worshipers may now engage;
However chang'd its style, yet with its name
Methinks its inward life is still the same;—
No settled form, no unadvancing state
Maintains the Church as seen at every date;
The age to suit, may change her style and dress,

Yet still do these the unvarying truth express;—
 Here as of old thy testimonies sure
 Are safe preserv'd, forever to endure;
 That reverential awe, that sacred fear,
 Within this house—we feel it still is here!

O may that Holy Spirit, without fail,
 Which in thy former dwelling did prevail,
 Like on us all its saving grace bestow,
 To keep us in the way that we should go,
 That narrow way which once our fathers trod,
 To lead us on to holiness and God.

REV. J. JAY POMEROY'S ADDRESS.

At the conclusion of Prof. Nevins's poem, and singing by the choir, Rev. J. Jay Pomeroy, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Rahway, New Jersey, delivered the following address entitled:

MIDDLE SPRING CHURCH AND THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Presbyterian type of christianity in the visible church is a positive quantity: its clear statements of divine truth, and its vigorous expression of the same in domestic, social and civil life, have made it a recognized power in the world. Our historian, Bancroft, thorough in investigation, clear in statement, skilled to an unusual degree, in the philosophy of history, in presenting facts in the relation of cause and effect, says:—
"We shall find that the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, nor the Dutch of New York, nor the Planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."
 The fact that Cumberland Valley was settled by Scotch-Irish, who were also Presbyterians, brings all the descendants of these pioneers of untrammelled christianity and manly citizenship into interesting and living union with this statement. There are several historic facts connected with the colonial

life of our ancestors in this Valley, that show that what Bancroft says of the Scotch-Irish in this particular, as a class, was eminently true of our fathers here. When they landed at Philadelphia and New Castle, they passed by the pleasing prospects that were spread before their eyes in the eastern counties of the Province, where settlements were already made, where generous soil was rewarding labor, where there was comparative comfort and protection from unprincipled marauders and the Indians, and sought the valleys and the mountains west of the Susquehanna. The valleys and mountains, you know, are the natural home of freedom. It should be remembered that the Scotch-Irish emigrants, among whom were mingled those noble specimens of Protestantism, the Huguenots, came in a strong current of thousands per year, commencing in good earnest about 1718, continuing in unintermitted strength till the middle of the century. About 1730 the current west of the Susquehanna reached this point--then rapidly the stream of emigration, composed of the same class of persons who took up their abode here, passed on into Virginia, North Carolina and from thence into Kentucky and Tennessee. It was by this way, too, that many of the Scotch-Irish passed on through the mountain gaps to the head-waters of the Ohio, west of the Alleghanies. A hundred years ago, the family ties of the homes in this Valley did not only reach to the brave men and women who had crossed the Alleghanies, but to those of our blood and faith who had passed on into Virginia and North Carolina. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in these different localities were bound together by oneness in blood, faith, church polity and christian ministry. When we read the "*Westmoreland County Resolutions*" adopted at Hanna's Town, May the 16th, 1775, after the news of Lexington and Concord had passed beyond the mountains, that testimony against the Arbitrary Acts of the British Parliament, sympathy expressed for the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay, the forming into companies and regiments meeting daily for drill and holding themselves ready on call to march to the scene of conflict, was but responding to the drum beat that

was summoning their brethren of Cumberland Valley to organization, to drill, to actually take up the line of march to the seat of war. When the news came down the Valley from the southernmost bound of the Cumberland Valley current of Scotch-Irish emigration, in the words of the ever memorable *Mecklenberg Declaration*, in which they as citizens of Mecklenberg county, North Carolina, on May 31st, 1775, absolved themselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, declared themselves a free and independent people, under the control of no power other than that of God and the general government of the Congress, they anticipated the united action of the Colonies in Philadelphia more than a year. When this declaration is announced in the Valley here, through which some of these sons of liberty had passed, our fathers in thought, at least, said: "Our kinsmen have marched more rapidly than we; they have taken a bold, but firm stand; they are right. It will have to come to this. God of our fathers, bless them; in our heart of hearts we are with them." That this expression of judgment, faith and blessing is not a fiction, is evident from the general spirit of our people and the record of test acts that are preserved to us.

SONS OF LIBERTY IN COUNCIL.

Nearly a year before the Westmoreland Resolutions and the Mecklenberg Declaration were passed, the freeholders and freemen from the several townships of Cumberland county were called to assemble in council in the Presbyterian church, in Carlise. The venerable and patriotic John Steel was then pastor of the congregation worshipping in that sanctuary. John Montgomery, one of his elders, is chosen president of the assembly. These freeholders and freemen coming up from the different townships of Cumberland county, which then embraced Franklin county and other outlying districts, were, for the most part, Scotch-Irish, coming from the different Presbyterian congregations in the Valley. They were informed in regard to the matters of momentous interest to the Colonies through the *Pennsylvania Packet* and the *Pennsylvania Gazette*,

newspapers at this time printed in Philadelphia. One copy going into a great many hands, stirring a great many hearts, exciting earnest thought and discussion. As disseminators of reliable information in the sacred cause of freedom, we should bring to mind in this connection, the names of John Armstrong and James Smith. John Armstrong was an elder in the Presbyterian church of Carlisle; he has already distinguished himself as an officer in the French and Indian war; he has formed the acquaintance and has the friendship and confidence of Washington—like his distinguished friend, he has been a surveyor. It was in this capacity, going hither and thither throughout the Valley, with compass, determining lines that abide upon the face of this Valley to-day, that he was a preacher of righteousness in speaking much and often of the rights of men. James Smith, educated at the New London Presbyterian Academy, Chester county, studied law with his brother George in Lancaster, after which he came to the neighborhood of Shippensburg, where he spent several years as a surveyor; he subsequently made his permanent home at York; his sterling patriotism, unusual abilities and eloquence, made him one of the most distinguished advocates of colonial rights, in Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Colonial Congress of 1776, and is one of Pennsylvania's signers of the Declaration of Independence. The influence of these two wise, patriotic, strong men, as they mingled with the people daily in the discharge of their professional duties, was only second to that of the men who occupied the pulpits of the Valley. We see, then, that the men who came together in Rev. John Steel's church, July 12th, 1774, came with information, with feeling, with thought, ready to act. They solemnly declare that the inhabitants of Boston, by the enforcement of the obnoxious Port Bill, "are suffering in the common cause of all the colonies." A congress of deputies, from all the colonies, to call at once upon the mother country for speedy redress is a measure unanimously adopted. It is further agreed and recommended to all the colonies, that no article of commerce shall be sent or received from Great Britain so long as Boston

Harbor is closed. These delegates also pledged the inhabitants of Cumberland county to contribute to the relief of their suffering brethren in Boston, whenever that relief would be most seasonable. A large committee of thirteen was appointed to correspond with similar committees in Pennsylvania and other Provinces on the great subjects of public interest and to co-operate with them in all matters pertaining to the general welfare of British America.

THE PROVINCIAL COMMITTEE.

As a practical resolution, James Wilson, afterwards a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Robert Magaw and William Irvine, were appointed deputies from Cumberland county to meet other deputies from the several counties of Pennsylvania, to concert measures preparatory to the General Congress. The three deputies start at once for Philadelphia to take their places in the Provincial Committee that is called to meet on 15th of July, and it is now the 12th. The names of these three members from Cumberland county are registered as taking part in the proceedings of the Provincial Committee holding their sessions in Carpenter's Hall, while the Provincial Assembly was holding its sessions in the State House. *It is a fact worthy of special note that the spirit and substance of the resolutions adopted in the Carlisle Presbyterian church, July 12th, 1774, were incorporated in the Provincial Committees' acts in their deliberations from July 15th to July 22d.* The weighty matter resting on the Provincial Committee was to impress the Provincial Assembly with the necessity of calling a congress of deputies from all the Colonies at once, and to make the appointment of deputies for Pennsylvania immediately. The Provincial Assembly heeded the positive and importunate pleas of these representatives of the people, and as a consequence, the first Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, September 5th, 1774. The congress meeting in New York nine years previously, October 7th, 1765, after the passage of the Stamp Act, is known as the Colonial Congress, and stands by itself.

It is to the honor of Cumberland County Presbyterianism to have anticipated by the action in Rev. John Steel's church, what a few days afterward was made the action of the Colonial deputies in Carpenter's Hall, and this to the calling of the first Continental Congress which was to give life, organism, unity and success to a separate and independent National existence.

MIDDLE SPRING CHURCH AND THE PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE OF 1776.

On June 18, 1776, there was assembled in Carpenter's Hall a Provincial Conference, composed of delegates from the different counties of Pennsylvania. The circumstances under which they assemble are impressive. The events that have transpired since the Provincial Committee met in the same hall nearly two years before, are important. The subjects for deliberation are of the weightiest character. The conclusion reached shows courage, devotion, sacrifice, faith. It brought Pennsylvania out of a state of indcision to positive declaration on the subject of independence. Middle Spring church, to-day, can rightly claim a large share of the honor that crowns the labors of that memorable conference assembled in Carpenter's Hall one hundred years ago, meeting on June 18, 1776. Look at the events that cluster around this conference. War has actually commenced. It is over a year since the first blood had been shed at Lexington and Concord. As members of the Provincial Conference came together on June 18th, it was remarked by some of the deputies, "a year ago yesterday the battle of Bunker Hill was fought." The second Continental Congress had been in session since May 10th. It was on the 7th of June that Richard Henry Lee, member of congress from Virginia, offered the famous resolution that was the harbinger of the Declaration of Independence, which was, "*That the united Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States, and that their political connection with Great Britain is and ought to be dissolved.*" This resolution was adopted by nine of the Colonies, by their representatives in Congress voting for it. Of the four remaining Colonies, New York did not vote

at all, Delaware was divided, South Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it.

The subject of the Declaration of Independence was placed in the hands of a committee to be drawn in due form, in which form it was to be presented to Congress for final action. This is the critical moment. Many a good cause has been crippled or killed in the committee room. The best of causes have been defeated on a technicality. How shall the report of this committee be made and in what spirit will it be received? Will the nine Colonies stand to their vote on the original resolution? What will be the vote of Pennsylvania when the Declaration is to be pronounced upon as a finality? This was the posture of affairs when the Provincial Conference assembled in Carpenter's Hall on June the 18th. These delegates, coming directly from the people, at once joined issue with the Provincial Assembly who had placed the members they had chosen to congress under instruction as follows:—"We strictly enjoin you, that you, in behalf of this Colony, desist from and utterly reject, any proposition, should such be made, that may cause or lead to a separation from our mother country or a change in the form of government." This resolution had its parentage in Joseph Galloway, a man of erudition and strength, but a thorough loyalist and speaker of the Provincial Assembly; while he could not resist the mighty wave of public sentiment calling for a Continental Congress in 1774, he did what he could to prevent the separation from the mother country, by fastening these iron-clad instructions on the members chosen to congress; hence Pennsylvania's negative vote on the resolution for separation on June 7, 1776. This but incited the members of the Provincial Committee to bold and positive action. They set aside the authority of the Provincial Assembly, and in the following language declared their sense of right and convictions of duty for themselves and their constituents: "We, the deputies of the people of Pennsylvania, assembled in full conference, * * * now in this public manner, in behalf of ourselves, and with the approbation, consent and authority of our constituents, unanimously declare

our willingness to concur in a vote of congress declaring the united colonies free and independent States."

These words are part, but true samples of the Declaration of Independence of the colony of Pennsylvania, by the Provincial Conference, signed by its deputies and delivered by their president to congress. Now it is to the imperishable honor of the Middle Spring church, that in this noted conference approving of its action, and signing the address to congress calling for the Declaration, were three of its members, John Maclay, then an elder in this church, Hugh McCormick and Hugh Alexander, members of this church. The conspicuous place that Middle Spring church occupied in the Valley, and her influence one hundred years ago, can be judged from this fact that from the nine deputies who represented the great county of Cumberland in the important conference of 1776, at least three were members of her communion. They helped to smite the directing power of the colony from the hands of the royalist, Galloway, to sweep away the barrier of delay raised by the able, but hesitating Dickinson. They declared that the Scotch-Irish of Cumberland Valley had one voice, that it was for the union of the colonies in separation—they helped to place Pennsylvania right upon the record, and helped, by their personal contact and patriotic address, to lead the thirteen Colonies by their representatives to unanimously adopt the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, 1776. We have, perhaps, unwittingly struck precisely on the Centennial of this conference of deputies in Philadelphia. All honor to the three wise and patriotic men, who, with others, represented the patriotism of Cumberland Valley a hundred years ago. Let the names of John Maclay, Hugh Alexander and Hugh McCormick, abide with us as a precious heritage.

PATRIOTIC MINISTERS.

The sacred cause of civil and religious liberty had been implanted in the hearts of our ancestors by the word of God, as they read it; it was nurtured by our form of government, deepened by the persecutions endured in France and the

British Isles: it was strengthened and directed by an able, self-denying, patriotic ministry.

The Presbyterian ministers of Cumberland Valley in the Revolutionary period, were men of solid culture, devoted piety, divinely patriotic, oppressed with a sense of their responsibilities as molders of public opinion, and leaders of men in the cause of liberty, which they, in all sincerity and earnestness, regarded as the cause of their covenant God.

It is perfectly in keeping with the character of the venerable John Steel, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Carlisle, who had, in his earlier life from his force of character, been made a leader in expeditions against the Indians, now to be the captain of the first military company that marched from Cumberland Valley after the publishing of the Declaration of Independence.

The Rev. John King, successor to John Steel, in West Conococheague, known to us as Mercersburg, a man of intellectual and moral strength, well fitted for the times and place in which God had cast his lot, spoke out with solemn emphasis when war was inevitable, "*The case is plain, life must be hazarded or all is gone.*" He says to the men of his charge about to march to actual conflict, "*The cause of American Independence and liberty, which has now called you to go forth to the scene of action, is indeed a cause in which it will be glorious to conquer and honorable to die.*" He gave the stamp of consistency to his words, by accompanying the men he urged to duty as chaplain.

Written testimony and tradition assign to Rev. John Craighead, peerless eloquence, moving his people at will by his fervid, soul stirring appeals, then placing himself at their head as captain, he led them to the field of strife in the name of the Lord and liberty, performing the double duty of captain and chaplain.

Robert Cooper, pastor of the Middle Spring church, was cotemporary with Steel, King and Craighead, and with them entered into the struggle with his whole soul, believing with his noble co-Presbyters that the cause of American Independence was the divine cause, that in the struggle not only the

rights of men, but the sacred interests of Christ's kingdom were involved. He was an ingrain christian patriot. His whole substance, as a man, seems to have been saturated with a sanctified patriotism.

ROBT. COOPER, MODERATOR OF AMERICAN PRESBYTERIANISM IN 1776.

This fact should be noted that in the month of May, 1776, he was present in Philadelphia attending the united synod of New York and Philadelphia. The esteem in which he was held by his brethren, at this time, is shown by the fact that he was chosen moderator. As these two synods, at that time, represented the whole of American Presbyterianism, the General Assembly not being formed until after the Revolution in 1788. Robert Cooper occupied the place of Dr. Vandyke a hundred years ago. The pastor of Middle Spring church was honored with the moderatorship of American Presbyterianism in the month of May, (22d,) 1776. The moderator may have been in the city as late as June the 7th, when Richard Henry Lee's resolution was brought before congress. It was certainly humiliating to this ardent patriot that the delegates in congress from Pennsylvania voted against that measure. As he turned his face toward the Susquehanna, on his return home, the good man's head is throbbing with thought and his heart palpitating with emotions of anxiety. He has many things to tell the people, not only of the synod, but of the doings of congress. The momentous interests that were at stake, the fact that the pastor had been to Philadelphia where congress was in session, brought out the whole congregation, so that the log church on the Sabbath following the pastor's return, is not large enough for the assembly. May not this have been one of the days on which the minister came down from the pulpit within, and as tradition tells us, ascended the outside stairway leading into the gallery, and from this position, with the earnest words of true eloquence, preached the double duty to those who were ready to heed his words as they fell from his lips. First—To be soldiers of Christ. Second—To be, without delay, faithful soldiers of their country's cause. A meeting like this on the

Sabbath preceding the choosing of the Cumberland county deputies to the Provincial Conference to assemble in a few days to set Pennsylvania right on the Declaration for separation, would very naturally result in the men of Middle Spring, scarcely without an exception, going to the meeting of freeholders and freemen, to choose the Cumberland county deputies and it would be the most natural thing in the world for them to vote for John Maclay, Hugh McCormick and Hugh Alexander.

It is not an unreasonable theory to attribute to Robert Cooper's trip to Philadelphia, where his great heart became surcharged with patriotism, and from the fullness of his heart he poured it out upon his people, the legitimate cause of three of his faithful men being sent to Philadelphia, to strike off from the Pennsylvania members of congress the chains of the Galloway instructions. Like Steel, King and Craighead, Robert Cooper goes with his men to the scene of actual conflict. His commission as chaplain of Cumberland county militia is dated December 24th, 1776. In his letter, tendering his resignation, January 25th, 1777, we learn that he performed the duties of a soldier as well as the duties of a chaplain. We quote his words: "*I bore arms, marched and countermarched through the Jerseys on foot, so long as I was able, and stood in the line of battle with the men at Trenton.*" With this personal consecration of himself to the cause of his country, there is nothing improbable in the tradition that has come down to us, that in administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper to the members of his church who had enlisted as soldiers, he with them about to march to the front, improved the occasion by calling for the double pledge of fidelity to Christ and fidelity to their country's cause. Classically educated as he was, we can imagine how he availed himself of his knowledge of latin, stating that the word sacrament, was derived from *saero*, to make sacred, hence *sacramentum*, signifying an oath, which had primary reference to "a soldier's oath of faithful consecration to his country's service."

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM LINN.

When Robert Cooper was moderator, May, 1776, of the synod of New York and Philadelphia, could we look back and see the little incidents that occur, not deemed worthy the historian's pen, yet after all, show the touching and commingling of mighty currents of thought and influence, we might have noticed, during the noon or evening recess, the moderator walking arm in arm with the youngest member of the synod in thoughtful, earnest talk. This young man looking up into Robert Cooper's face, as a son looks into the face of a revered father, has something of a military bearing, and on his ministerial garb, a simple badge to designate that he is identified with the colonial troops. Could we approach them and claim the honor of an introduction, the moderator, should he use modern parlance, would say, "this is one of my boys, William Linn, chaplain of the fifth and sixth battalions of Pennsylvania troops." The moderator would take pride in presenting his young friend, for he is a young man of rare abilities, with a brilliant record already and with a still more brilliant future before him. He comes from one of the Middle Spring households; born in Lurgan township, near the foot of the North mountain. He had been sent to Princeton College, where he graduated in 1772, at the age of twenty. At the close of his junior year, he stands at the head of his class with Aaron Burr in receiving a prize for excellence in the English language, and at the same time he is the equal of William Bradford in oratory. A year afterwards, on the commencement stage, he divided the honor equally with Aaron Burr for eloquence. He studied theology with his pastor, Robert Cooper. In 1775, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Donegal. On March 17, 1776, he preached a sermon before the soldiers of Magaw's battalion who were about leaving their homes to join the army. This sermon re-produced in the *Carlisle American Volunteer*, (March 16, 1876). Coming from a licentiate, a young man of twenty-four, it is an admirable specimen of scriptural analysis, fertility of thought, in expounding and enforcing the great duty of the day, viz: christian patriotism in action. It

foreshadows the young author's career as a God-honoring patriot and eminent, sacred orator. It is not improbable that the troops he addressed, he accompanied to Philadelphia. After going to Philadelphia, he was ordained by the First Presbytery of that city, to serve as a chaplain in the army. Continuing a chaplain throughout the war, he was held in the highest esteem by the officers and soldiers of the army for his wisdom, patriotism and eloquence. We cannot estimate the mighty influence that went out from that humble home by the mountain's foot, for the cause of American Independence. We can judge something of his power, when Dr. E. F. Hatfield, the stated clerk of our General Assembly, speaks of his nineteen years of ministerial service in one of the first pulpits of the land—thus “*Dr. Linn commanded, in an eminent manner, the respect and admiration of the city of New York.*”

This is but a faint tracery of the outlines of the subject assigned me. There are other names that many of you bear, that were honorably conspicuous in those days of fiery test. When pastor and elders were conspicuous for their intelligent and devoted patriotism, they but reflected what was back of them in the members of the church and congregation.

I place in the hands of the officers of this church, for preservation, an imperfect roll of the commissioned officers and soldiers from the Middle Spring congregation, who served in the war of the Revolution.*

PATRIOTIC WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

There was a mighty influence at work in the homes of this Valley, that contributed wonderfully to the success of the cause of freedom, that has not been made conspicuous by the historian's pen. I refer to the self-sacrifice, the christian resignation, the heroic patriotism, of the mothers and daughters of these Cumberland Valley homes an hundred years ago. The wife and the mother did not interpose an objection when she saw her husband and the father of their children, putting on his armor for the field of conflict. The daughter, in the

* See Appendix D.

bloom and the beauty of early womanhood, did not remonstrate with her betrothed when told that their vows could not be consummated until after the war. The struggles of the Revolution were not all along the bloody line of the battle field. The deepest furrows of war run through the living hearts that are left at home. As we read of the expeditions into Canada, in which there were long marches, and suffering from want and wounds—in which there was death, far away from home; as we read of the capture of Magaw's battalion at Fort Washington, (November 16, 1776,) and Cumberland Valley men being consigned to the pestilential prison ship, in New York harbor; as we read of the fierce battles that were fought in New Jersey, in eastern Pennsylvania, the sufferings of Valley Forge, and the heartless butchery of our troops at Paoli and Crooked Billet, we must remember that these historic names, with their incidents of carnage and death, sent their barbed arrows of anxiety, suspense, bereavement, protracted sorrow and want, into the hearts of many mothers and daughters in the homes of this Valley. Yet, in reliance upon divine grace, they endured the sacrifice, heroically battled with home cares and toils, never faltering in the confident expectation that their covenant God would hear their prayers and in His own set time, bless their efforts in securing the victory for the cause of Independence. The patriotic mothers and daughters of the Revolution are equal with the patriotic fathers and sons. Let their unwritten names be embalmed, to-day, by their children, and all lovers of our free institutions, in gratitude and thanksgiving, for their sustaining and inspiring lives of prayer, of faith, and their patient, heroic continuance until the end.

THE MORAL CONFLICT CONTINUED.

Our fathers and our mothers have left us a precious heritage in securing us civil and religious liberty which they purchased at great price; not simply by the expenditure of earthly treasure, but by the price of blood, the precious blood of men, determined to be free, if not to enjoy it themselves, to leave it as a heritage to posterity.

It is well that Presbyterianism, in its vital union with civil and religious liberty, should find expression in the statue erected to the memory of Dr. John Witherspoon, the able advocate, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The best monument that we can erect to our Scotch-Irish and Huguenot ancestry is to give a national expansion and permeation to their virtues.

Religious belief and good morals were woefully effected in many communities at the close of the Revolution. This came from the demoralizing effects of war, the writings of Tom Paine, the influence of some of the Frenchmen and French literature that the war brought to our shores. It seemed as if the freedom that had been purchased, at such an immense cost, was to be made use of to defy God and degrade man. At the close of the war, Gen. John Armstrong, of Carlisle, wrote to Dr. Cooper, urging him to compose and publish a treatise against the prevailing infidelity of the times. This correspondence is significant. It shows God's providential dealings with us, as a nation, in sending His covenant people here in the persons of our ancestors, who should strike the first notes for separate national life, throw themselves into the very front line of the battle, and when victory came, with sanctified wisdom, to organize the State. We were saved from the conclusion and the terrible retribution that was visited upon France, who, in her National convention of 1793, abolished the Christian religion and substituted what they termed the religion of reason. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who had a creed, principles and vital godliness that stood the terrible test of war, did much, if not more, than any other individual power, to keep the Nation in its aggregate capacity from making shipwreck upon the rock of infidelity—and from being swallowed up by the double-mouthed demon of dishonesty and corruption.

Looking at the past, where we are, and what we are, and then at the wide field of the future that is rich in glorious possibilities, to us as a Nation, let us not permit ourselves to be thrilled simply by a great expectation, but by sacred vows

consecrate ourselves to the great endeavor, as christian citizens, of making this Nation, in its every day life, a Christian Nation; and from our geographical position, mighty resources and capabilities as a grand division of the church militant, pray for, covet, and enter upon the honor of carrying the name of Christ and giving a christian civilization to all the ends of the earth. This will be the noblest monument to our ancestors, for it will be but carrying forward what they commenced to build. This is an acceptable service, for it is to the glory of our covenant God.

HOPEWELL ACADEMY.

BY ALFRED NEVIN, D.D., LL.D.

“Inter sylvas Academi querere verum.”

Presbyterianism and education are inseparably united. Convinced of the divine origin of this formula of truth, its adherents scout the maxim—“ignorance is the mother of devotion,” and are always and everywhere the friends of intellectual culture. “*Sit Lux*,”* (let there be light), rules their aim and their effort in reference both to divine and human knowledge. In their judgment, either the church or the school-house, by itself, is incomplete. They must co-exist and coöperate. Both are essential to the attainment of man’s “chief end,” which, in the language of our sound, clear, logical, concise and comprehensive “*Shorter Catechism*,” is, “to glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever.”

Of this spirit and genius of our church, our own State

* The motto of the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

furnishes one of the best examples. No sooner did her Scotch-Irish settlers find buildings for the public worship of God, than they reared structures for mental development. By the side, or within convenient distance, of the humble sanctuaries which only their limited resources enabled them to rear, was sure to be established, either by public or private enterprise, the academy, well equipped for tuition and training of the young. Thus, not to enter into any tedious detail, sprang up the Log College on the banks of the Neshaminy, in Bucks county, under Tennent, the academy of Blair, at Fagg's Manor, Chester county, the one at Pequea, Lancaster county, under the control of the venerable Dr. Robert Smith, and the one near Newburg, in old Cumberland, which, notwithstanding the barren hill on which it stood, and its quiet and secluded surroundings, sent forth so many from its unpretending portals, to act well their part on the great theatre of life. We can but glance at its history.

ESTABLISHMENT, NAME AND APPEARANCE.

This institution, as nearly as can be ascertained, was established in the Fall of the year 1810. It took its name from the township in which it was located. The building used for its purposes, was an oblong structure, framed of hewn logs, with a single entrance, sliding windows, and a gable projecting over the end toward the road, unsupported by pillars. The classic furniture consisted of the Professor, a stove manufactured by Peter Ege, at Pine Grove Furnace, a table, a professor's chair, with rude benches on which a number of lads, of various ages, characters, and talents, were accustomed to sit. The "School-House," (as it was called,) stood about one hundred and fifty feet in the rear of the mansion-house of the farm to which it belonged, on the east. The road from Shippensburg to Newburg, at that time, ran directly by the academy building. The logs of the structure are still in use in a house erected near the spot on which the plain, substantial building so long stood.

FOUNDER AND TEACHER.

The Academy was founded by Mr. John Cooper, who was also its only teacher. Mr. Cooper was the only son of the Rev. Robert Cooper, D.D., Pastor of Middle Spring church, who is so universally and favorably known in this and other sections of the Presbyterian church. He was a graduate of Dickinson College during the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Charles Nisbet. He studied for the ministry, but owing to failing health was obliged to abandon the further prosecution of his studies in that direction, and go to farming. Having followed this vocation for some time, with marked benefit to his health, he conceived and carried out the idea of starting a classical school. In it there were two recitations in Latin or Greek each day. The books used were, the *Latin and Greek Grammars*, *Historia Sacra*, *Viri Romæ*, *Cæsar*, *Ovid*, *Virgil*, *Cicero* and *Horace*, sometimes *Tacitus*, together with the *Greek Testament*, *Græca Minora* and *Græca Majora*. There were, however, some instances, in which pupils, who could do so, and keep along with their classes in the Languages, pursued the study of Mathematics to some extent, as *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, *Surveying*, &c. And, in a few instances, instruction was given in *English Grammar*, probably also in some branches of *Natural Philosophy*. But these were exceptional cases. The full curriculum of study embraced about two years.

MR. COOPER'S QUALIFICATIONS.

For the profession which he chose, Mr. Cooper was admirably adapted. He was universally and justly esteemed one of the best linguists of the day. His method of instruction was rudimental and thorough. He had himself been a pupil of old James Ross, author of the Latin Grammar then generally used, and noted for his eruditeness as a classical scholar, and like Ross, he required his pupils to learn, and apply with much exactness, the rules of grammar, and not merely to construe properly, but accurately to define words, and analyze and parse sentences and words, taken at random from different parts of the lesson. As a result, so proficient, in this respect, were they

generally regarded, that when they presented themselves at many of our colleges for examination, the mere announcement of the name of their Preeceptor almost itself gave them a passport to entrance into the classes to which they usually aspired, as did their scholarship also enable them to keep well up, and, indeed, very generally to take the lead; in this department of their Collegiate course.

HIS CHARACTER.

Besides his superior scholarship, Mr. Cooper's character was so complete as to exert a most happy influence upon the youth under his care. He was eminently endowed with "a meek and quiet spirit." His pupils were accustomed to say of him, "he is one of the best men we ever knew." Nothing seemed to disturb his equanimity—nothing to ripple his serene and placid disposition. Calm, uncomplaining, uncensorious, affectionate, gentle in his bearing, dignified without being austere, and singularly blameless and upright in his conversation and conduct, he never failed to secure the attachment, confidence, and reverence of those who were brought into intercourse with him. His character commended itself to all who witnessed its development. If any thing will test a man's amiableness, it is the control of a number of half-grown boys in school. This test the Professor of Hopewell stood to complete satisfaction. He was ever giving some new evidence of that "wisdom" which is "gentle, and easy to be entreated." "He was," says Dr. D. B. McGinley, "one of the most amiable of men. I do not remember to have seen his temper ruffled, though the boys often sorely tried him. He was very courteous in manner and treated every one who approached him with the utmost politeness. Even his correction of an error in recitation was so mild and gentle, as to bear with it a seeming apology." In this eulogy, all the students would cordially concur. Well do we remember how, on some occasions, when he came to the Academy, and found the pupils constrained, for reasons that would not bear the probing of a modern "investigating committee," to give a negative answer to his soft inquiry—"Young

gentlemen, are you prepared to recite?" he would meekly reply, "well, try and be ready to-morrow," and then putting on his hat, and dove-tailing his hands in his coat-cuffs, (which was his habit when walking), would start toward the house with slow and measured gait, as if he had not found any delinquency to censure or condemn. There was one peculiarity of the venerable man, which all his scholars remember well, and to which the one of them just named, thus refers:—"He used tobacco in a very moderate way, and when he was at a loss for a word, putting a small piece into his mouth seemed to have the effect of prompting him: I have seen him stop in the midst of asking a blessing at the table, take a crumb of the weed, and then go on again—his words flowing more freely afterward."

HIS FAMILY.

The wife of Mr. Cooper.—Miss Kearsley, a sister of General Jonathan Kearsley, who died in Detroit, Michigan, was peculiarly suited to the position she occupied. She was a cultivated and pious lady, of commanding appearance and fine conversational powers. By her cheerfulness, energy, and ability for business, she supplied what her husband, by reason of the feebleness of his health, may have lacked in these elements of character. The family of this happy couple, consisted of six children—three sons and three daughters. Robert, the eldest son, and Samuel Kearsley, the second, are both deceased. The former, after removing to Illinois, whither his family had gone, was for several years employed in railroad business at Knoxville, in that State, but when the recent war broke out, he entered the Union army as a soldier, and died at Memphis, Tennessee, of sickness contracted by exposure to army life. The latter, a talented, industrious and pious youth, died on his father's farm, some time before the removal of the family to the West. Jonathan Kearsley, the third son, graduated at Jefferson College in 1835, studied law under the Hon. John Reed, in the Law-School of Dickinson College, and settled in Peoria, Illinois, where he now lives, at the head of his

profession, enjoying the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens, an honorable counsellor, a good man, and a ruling elder in the First Presbyterian church of that city. Sarah, the eldest daughter, married John Reynolds, Esq., of Roxbury, who soon afterward removed to Peoria, Illinois, where both, after a life of great excellence and usefulness which secured them the highest esteem of the community, departed this life a few years since. Jane, the second daughter, was united in marriage with John Smith, Esq., of Hopewell township, who also settled in the city just named. Both, after devoting their lives faithfully to the service of God, were called to their reward in the meridian of their days. Mrs. Elizabeth Stettinius, the amiable third daughter, now resides somewhere in the State of Virginia.

CONSTITUTION, CONDUCT AND CLOSE OF THE ACADEMY.

The only surviving son of Mr. Cooper, to whom reference has just been made, says:

"Of the earlier stages of the school, I can, of course, only speak from tradition. From soon after its commencement, I think, it was well attended, for a school of that character, in a country place, and under a single teacher. Much of the time, indeed, the small building was quite crowded, and in my father's method of conducting the recitations, there was imposed upon him a labor that was very wearing. The students came largely from abroad, quite a number from Carlisle, some from Harrisburg, and still lower down, a good many from about Newville, some from Greencastle, Waynesboro', Greenvillage, Shippensburg, Strasburg, Path Valley, &c., and others from the more immediate vicinity of the school. Many of those from abroad boarded and lodged in our family, making the house often very full. Others, who could not come directly from their homes each day, found board and lodging in the neighborhood. Some of those who attended the school from their own homes, (as the Wallaces and Caldwell, from near Shippensburg,) came regularly on horseback, as much as five miles, over pretty

rough roads, several others also came on horseback, and a considerable number on foot."

"The school was kept up, with almost no intermission, until its existence ceased, during my absence at college, in or about the year 1832. The closing of the school was doubtless necessitated by the extreme debility of my father, at that time, which became such, that he was frequently unable to get to the school-room, and the classes had to come to the house, and recite to him there, and this he could not have well endured, had he required to apply much thought, or hold and look over a book, but such was his facility in the languages taught, that, to the last, the most difficult passages gave him little or no trouble, and he only required to hear the passage read, to construe it properly, and impart the needed instruction in regard to it."

In December, 1839, Mr. Cooper removed with his family to Peoria, Illinois. Both Mrs. Cooper and himself departed this life about twenty-five years since.

EARLIEST STUDENTS.

Among the earliest students of Hopewell Academy, of whom we have any knowledge, were Samuel, William and James Woods, from the vicinity of Carlisle, the last of whom entered the ministry, received the degree of D.D., and was long the honored and useful pastor of the Presbyterian church of Lewistown, Pa.; David and Joseph Trimble, who lived near Newburg, and the latter of whom became a minister in the Seceder church; William Henderson, M.D.; David Wills, M.D., subsequently an eminent physician in Chillicothe, Ohio, now deceased; Andrew P. Zinn and Rev. James Smith, both of Illinois; Alexander Sharp, D.D., a distinguished minister of the Seceder church, and for many years pastor of the church of that denomination at Newville, who departed this life some years ago; Rev. John H. Kennedy, an able minister of the Gospel in the Presbyterian church, and Professor of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences at Jefferson College, who, in middle life, was called to his reward; William McClure, Esq.,

of the Harrisburg bar; John W. McCullough, D.D., who attained eminence as a Presbyterian and subsequently as an Episcopal minister, and is no longer among the living: the three brothers, who were from the vicinity of Newburg:—James Williamson, for some years pastor of the Silvers' Spring Presbyterian church, but now deceased: Moses Williamson, who was for many years pastor of the Cold Spring Presbyterian church, Cape May county, New Jersey, but who has recently resigned his charge, and McKnight Williamson, once settled over Dickinson church, in the Presbytery of Carlisle, but now residing in Cambridge, Ohio; William H. McClure, an eminent Judge in Pittsburgh: ——— Beattie, a Baptist minister; and two cousins who were both named Robert Scott.

The following letter from a distinguished lawyer of this State, who was recently the Minister of our Government to the Austrian Court, may here be appropriately introduced:

PHILADELPHIA, 16th May, 1876.

REV. A. NEVIN, D.D.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—I was, as you represent in your note of yesterday, a pupil of Mr. John Cooper, in the "Hopewell Academy," and there acquired the rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages, preparatory to admission to Dickinson College. This was about the year 1821. Associated with me were the Rev. Samuel A. McCoskry, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Michigan; Charles McClure, late Secretary of the Commonwealth, (I think under Governor Shunk); Andrew Parker, a lawyer and representative in Congress from Mifflin county; James Culbertson, M.D., Lewistown, Pa.; Porter Wilson, lawyer in Huntingdon. There were others of the same period, who have disappeared without leaving any mark behind. With the exception of Bishop McCoskry and myself, all now repose in the sleep of death.

The incidents of our boyish days are worthless, even if remembered, and I can recall none of them, other than habits of diligent study, under the direction of a very amiable and competent instructor,—there being no diversions in that unfrequented spot.

On Sundays we were led off to the old Stone Meeting-House, near Shippensburg, where the Rev. Mr. Moody had charge of a rural flock, and on one of these occasions, I remember, that while attempting to cross the swollen Conodoguinnett creek on one of Mr. Cooper's horses, (three boys on his back and I on his tail); we had our piety much cooled by being thrown into the rapid current, while the alarmed steed dashed down the creek.

I remain, with great regard, truly your's,

H. M. WATTS.

Following the students already named, were David Sterrett, an useful preacher of the gospel; Edwin Sterrett, Thomas Galagher, Thomas Harbison, of Franklin county; Louis Williams, son of Dr. Joshua Williams, of Big Spring. From Carlisle—John Armstrong, Alfred Armstrong, William Helfenstein, ——— Agnew, ——— Metzgar, ——— Craighead, Gabriel O'Brien, who, after leaving the Academy, went to sea, and, as tradition says, died there, his body, which was found on the shore of some island, being identified by the watch and jewelry on his person. ——— Duncan, from Greenvillage; ——— Duncan, from Philadelphia; Samuel Rippey, from Shippensburg; ——— Glenn, afterwards of Pittsburgh; Robert Rodgers, then a neighbor, now a physician in Springfield, Ohio.

Among the students of a later date, were Robert McCrea, of Waynesboro'; John Davidson, Wilkinson Davidson, brothers from Greencastle; James Fulwiler, of Perry county, now of Fort Wayne, Indiana; William Rodgers, of Dauphin county, now of Springfield, Ohio; Lemuel G. Olmstead, of Western New York, who entered the ministry of the Presbyterian church and was, for a time, Professor of Chemistry in Dickinson College; John McGinley, son of the venerable Amos McGinley, D.D., of Path Valley, who studied law partly with his uncle Judge Blythe, and partly with the Hon. George Chambers, and soon after being admitted to the Bar, died in Millerstown, Adams county, Pa.; David D. Clark, D.D., who, after a life of great usefulness and consecration, died at McVeytown, Pa., a few years since, in the midst of his pastoral labors; Samuel Cummins, who at first studied medicine, and afterwards entered the ministry; Alexander McCullough, William McCullough, who studied law and settled at St. Louis, Mo.; William Grier, Physician in Iowa; David B. McGinley, M.D., another son of the Rev. Dr. McGinley, who is now connected with the Custom House in Philadelphia; Isaac G. Strain, Lieut. in U. S. N., who explored the Isthmus of Darien; Jack Hemphill, who studied law with Andrew Carothers, Esq., of Carlisle, but, though a gifted man, never

practised his profession, and died in middle life in the village of Newburg; John McSurley; William McCormick, who after leaving the Academy, graduated at Jefferson College, and died of consumption during his theological course at Allegheny Seminary; Samuel C. McCune, who graduated at Jefferson College, studied Theology in the Indiana Theological Seminary, became pastor of the church of Canton, Illinois, was afterwards installed over the church in Fairfield, Iowa, and is now again in his first pastoral charge; Thomas McCandlish, who entered, soon after leaving the Academy, upon mercantile pursuits in Newville, where he this year died; John Smith, (commonly known as "Jack Smith,") who studied medicine with Dr. Finley, in Shippensburg, and settled in Richland county, Ohio; Rev. Joseph McKee, who died at West Newton, Pa., after a life eminent for piety and devotedness to the cause of Christ; Clopper McKee; Frederick Shearer, D.D., pastor in Illinois; James H. Snodgrass, who died in Shippensburg a few years after completing his Academic course; H. W. Reynolds, who graduated at Jefferson College in 1835, studied law in Carlisle, settled in Chambersburg, for a time was editor of the *Franklin Repository*, removed to Peoria, Illinois, where he has lived ever since, and still continues to practice his profession; Rev. D. E. Nevin, who graduated at Jefferson College, entered the ministry, preached until feeble health obliged him to cease the duties of his profession, and is now residing at Sewickley, Pa.; Edwin H. Nevin, D.D., who graduated at Jefferson College, was licensed to preach the gospel, had charge of several churches in Ohio, was president for a few years of Franklin College in that State, was recently pastor of the First Reformed church in Philadelphia, and is now living privately in that city; Alfred Nevin, D.D., L.L.D., who graduated at Jefferson College, was admitted to the Bar in Carlisle, entered the ministry, was pastor in Chambersburg, Lancaster, and of the Alexander Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, and is now senior editor of *The Presbyterian Journal* in that city;

Stockton Chambers, George Reynolds, Robert C. Hays, M.D., who practises his profession in Shippensburg, and is an Elder in the Presbyterian church of that place; Barnet A. Wolfe, a practising physician at Birmingham, a suburb of Pittsburgh; Rev. James Rodgers, who was, for some years, pastor of the church at Mt. Joy, Pa., and is now President of the Female Seminary, at Springfield, Ohio.

Such is as perfect a roll, as we have been able to make, of the students of old Hopewell. Many of them reached distinction. We have given a brief sketch of each, as there have been data for this purpose in our possession. A catalogue of the students was at one time prepared. If it was ever printed, many will join us in regret that no copies of it can now be found.

CHARACTER OF THE ACADEMY.

One of the students of the Academy, whose name we have already mentioned, in a letter to us, says, in entire harmony with the hint we have given from our personal recollection:—"The discipline of the school was not remarkable in point of strictness, or the administration of rewards or punishments, and any 'signs and wonders' of mischief that at times transpired in the vicinity of the institution, were usually imputed by the good neighbors to the agency of 'Cooper's Latin Scholars.'" It must be admitted that the Academy was controlled by kindness, and not by severity. We cannot now remember a single instance in which the rod was used, or even a word of scolding fell from the venerable Preceptor's lips, although both forms of punishment, at least occasionally, might, with justice, have been employed. He seems to have depended, for government, upon treating the students with respect and confidence, and this course, so much in keeping with his amiable temperament, proved successful. It inspired the pupils with veneration and love for him who was entrusted with their education, and with a becoming self-esteem, thus developing both their intellect and character in a better form and finish than would have been possible under a system of

rigid surveillance, harsh, fault-finding and punitive discipline.

It must be admitted, also, that many of the suspicions of the neighbors of the Academy, in reference to the parties working mischief in the vicinity being "Cooper's Latin Scholars," were founded in truth. The boys felt themselves secluded from the world, sometimes had a sense of loneliness, and to break the monotony of their circumstances would occasionally attempt a little trick, which, whilst it did no serious injury, would furnish considerable amusement.

LEISURE HOURS.

The "entertainments" of the neighborhood were very few and simple. When a new student arrived, he was obliged by an unwritten but unyielding law, to take his fellow-students to Newburg and treat them to cakes and confectionery. Often, in the evening, some of the boys would be pitching iron rings by the road-side, near the gate, whilst others, on a seat on the porch, were playing checkers, and others still, on the opposite seat, with the violin and the flute, were making sweet strains of music to float out upon the gentle breeze, over the quiet and beautiful landscape that lay beneath. Now and then fishing in the creek was resorted to as an expedient for enjoyment. With well prepared torch-lights, nets and poles, all the students would march about dark to the Conodoguinnett, and spend five or six hours wading in that beautiful stream, often returning with success at midnight to their home, sometimes with no success, but always with glad hearts, making the surrounding woods echo with songs of contentment and rejoicing.

"OLD JOE."

One of the most pleasant of the memories which connect themselves with these fishing excursions is that which relates to "Old Joe," as he was called by others, and even by himself. He was a venerable negro, of ordinary size, and bald head, who lived by his fishing-rod, and spent his time, when not thus engaged, with the farmers in the neighborhood. He knew perfectly just *when, where* and *how* to fish. During most of

the day and until a late hour of night, he could be found at some point along the bank of the creek. Often as the Academy scholars slowly paced down the stream in pursuit of the finny tribe, "Old Joe," from some overhanging cliff on which he sat in prosecution of his favorite work, would suddenly salute them with words of welcome and cheer. Everybody liked the old fisherman, who always spake or listened with a smile, and who never seemed happier than when contributing to the enjoyment of those around him.

WORSHIP.

Among the happy influences which were brought to bear upon the minds of the students who boarded in Mr. Cooper's family, was that arising from morning and evening worship. It evidently had a most happy effect in moulding their character. This, too, notwithstanding occasional instances in which the services seemed to be treated with disrespect. Mr. Cooper, from his deep interest in such exercises, was disposed to prolong them unduly, expounding the Scripture, as he read it, so that the boys would nearly all fall asleep, until Mrs. Cooper found it necessary to say, as she frequently and kindly did, "My dear, I think it is time to unite in prayer, as the boys feel like retiring," when the old gentleman, as if not conscious how long he had been engaged in explaining the truth he so much loved, would quickly close the book, and, by kneeling with his family, so rouse the slumbering boarders, that they would abruptly assume the same posture, although scarcely knowing what they were doing. To the discredit of some of these boarders it must be said, (though their names must never be disclosed,) that now and then, at morning worship, they would rise from their knees, softly slip out of the room, run down to the Sulphur Spring, which is several rods from the house, wash their faces and hands, and return so as to be found in a devotional attitude when the patriarch closed his prayer with his solemnly uttered "Amen!"

SIMPLE AMUSEMENTS.

To show the simplicity of the amusements to which the students of Hopewell, who boarded with their Preceptor, were confined, some particulars, additional to those already given, may be stated. Sometimes they would undertake to serenade the good people of Newburg. At others, they would spend Saturday, either in the neighboring meadows, or on the North Mountain, gathering berries. At others, still, they would borrow or hire a carriage and make a brief but pleasant visit to Roxbury.

CHURCH.

On the Sabbath, there was always a strong desire on their part to go to church at Middle Spring. How much of this arose from mere love of the Sanctuary, no one felt it would be for edification to inquire. One thing could not be concealed, and that was, an ardent wish to get a good ride in the carriage, to practice a little in the art of driving, and to see the large and happy congregation assembled for worship. During these visits, the boys received much good advice from their esteemed friend, Mrs. Cooper, intermingled at times with cautions lest by carelessness the vehicle should be overturned. The speaker well remembers, that when *his* day for driving came, the estimable lady, who always took time by the forelock, spying some rock or stump a considerable distance ahead, would give him such timely instruction to beware of it, that when it was reached, a little jolt would occasionally alarm the occupants of the carriage, because the caveat, so prematurely given, had passed from his memory.

On the whole, it may be truthfully affirmed that "Cooper's Latin Scholars" conducted themselves decorously at church. All their antecedents and surroundings combined to produce this result. Reared at home to a veneration for the Sabbath, and the house of the Lord, and this domestic training being strengthened by the religious influences around them at the place of their rudimental education,—they could not, as they saw the venerable edifice which was associated with all man's

highest interests, and the godly pastor whose very look and step were solemn, and the devout families gathered in their pews to prepare for heaven,—do otherwise than honor the Sabbath and the Sanctuary. It is believed that much of the sermons read by the impressive preacher from the small pages which, however slyly he turned them over, could be seen from the gallery, was not understood by the students. *Still* they were benefited. And as they gazed around upon the walls and the ceiling where the swallow had literally “found a nest for herself,” or listened to the strains of sacred music which floated around them, if not from trained tongues, certainly from devout hearts, they received a salutary impression, which they carried with them in after years, and which did much to mould their character and increase their usefulness.

AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF EDUCATION.

The only reflection which we submit, in closing this too hastily prepared sketch, is, that parents, in providing for the education of their children, should have special regard to the *religious element*. This is true, not only because the early, is the formative, period of life, but also in view of the fact that all education that ignores the spiritual and eternal, is one-sided, hollow, and radically and ruinously defective. The study of Geology is vain without an acquaintance with the “Rock of Ages.” The study of Botany is vain, without a knowledge of the “Plant of Renown,” the “Rose of Sharon,” and the “Lily of the Valley.” The study of Astronomy is vain, which does not include the “Star of Bethlehem.” The study of Languages is vain, which does not embrace the tongue that is spoken in Heaven. The “wise men” of old knew well where all science originates and terminates, when they knelt before Him “in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.” Religion is man’s culminating, controlling, and enduring interest. The highest peak of human character is that which points to the Divine government, and any system of instruction which overlooks the cultivation of this, is abnormal and absurd.

Whilst Mr. Cooper did not distinctly teach religion, he inculcated it, as we have seen, by gathering his pupils daily around the family altar, and exhibiting to them constantly a consistent and impressive godly example. In all this there was a power, which was felt at the time, and was productive of salutary results in the future. So must it ever be, when the circumstances are similar. The noble band of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Cumberland Valley, have ever practically maintained that Christian as well as intellectual culture is necessary to the right performance of the duties of the world that now is, as well as to prepare for a glorious destiny in that which is to come, and they will, we feel assured, be among the last to put asunder what God has joined together. Whatever *others* may be willing to do; *they* will steadfastly adhere to *the Bible in the church, the Bible in the family, the Bible in the school the Bible always and everywhere*, as "the only infallible rule which God has given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy Him."

At the close of Dr. Nevin's address, remarks were made by Dr. E. Erskine, Rev. J. F. Sutton and others, after which the day's services were brought to a close by the usual religious exercises.

In the evening a musical concert was held in the Church Grove, under the direction of Mr. Wm. D. Means, consisting of old time melodies, &c. The attendance was large, and the exercises were highly appreciated by all present.

SECOND DAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1876.

Owing to the somewhat unfavorable weather this morning, it was thought best to hold the services in the Church. After the preliminary services, Hon. J. McDowell Sharpe, of Chambersburg, delivered the

CENTENNIAL ORATION:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—This is an auspicious day—a felicitous occasion. We have come together to celebrate the founding of a church; the centennial day of our nation; to express our loyalty to our Government; our consecration to God; to attest the true aim and nobility of living; love of country; love of race and love of God. Every pulse of nature beats in harmony with our purpose. Her face beams upon us, and all her myriad voices welcome us to this hallowed spot. The King of day, in unclouded majesty, is looking down from his chariot in the sky, lighting up the whole landscape with the splendors of his presence. This Valley, so grandly guarded by her mountain sentinels, so exquisite in beauty, so varied in scenery, with her villages and her towns, her crystal streams, and green fields, now laden with the promise of the coming harvest, spreads out like some lovely picture before our enraptured gaze. Look where we may around us, beneath us, above us, everywhere are the tokens of God's bounty and beneficence. Our senses must, indeed, be numb; our hearts must, indeed, be dead within us; our conscience must, indeed, be scared, if we cannot, with united voice, and fervent devotion and thanksgiving, sing:

“Our Father's God from out whose hand,
The centuries drop like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united free—
And loyal to our land and Thee.
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.”

Let us, therefore, endeavor to do homage to this occasion. To catch something of its true spirit and significance, to learn its lessons and profit by its teachings. It is a time for solemn,

earnest, faithful retrospect. It is also a time for calm, determined and dispassionate outlook into the future. For self consecration and self devotion, for binding on the sandals, and girding up the loins; for noble aspirations and fresh vows; for high purposes and sturdy resolutions. When the weary traveler has safely passed the first stage of his journey, and gained some lofty eminence, or mountain top, stopping to take breath, he irresistibly glances backward over the road which he has come, to measure its distance, review its dangers, and enjoy his triumph. So let us, looking down from the eminence of a century, strive to catch a passing glimpse of the pathway of our nation hitherto. The waning hour admonishes us to hasten on and to dally not by the way.

To attempt to give a detailed account of the colonization of North America, to describe the characteristics of the colonists, to tell the story of their struggles and their victories, would be to write history, and fill volumes. Such an effort would be inappropriate to this occasion, and unfitted for this presence. A few facts gleaned from the rich fields of history will make up the story of this hour, and nothing more can be undertaken.

On the nineteenth day of December, in the year one thousand, six hundred and six, one hundred and nine years after the discovery of the American Continent by Cabot, a little squadron of three vessels, the largest not exceeding one hundred tons burthen, bearing one hundred and five men, destined to remain, set sail from the Mother Country, for a harbor in Virginia. Their fleet entered the Chesapeake on the twenty-sixth day of April, sixteen hundred and seven, and sailing up the James River—which they named in honor of the reigning King of England—anchored off a beautiful promontory, where, in the month of May, they began to build a town. This was the founding of Jamestown, the planting of the first English colony in Virginia.

Thirteen years after this, the May Flower weighed anchor, and after a rough and stormy voyage, was moored in safety in the waters of Massachusetts Bay. The Pilgrim Fathers, with their wives and children, one hundred souls in all, disembarked

at Plymouth Rock. This was the origin of New England—it was the planting of New England institutions. Then came Calvert with his two hundred Roman Catholic emigrants—chiefly gentlemen of fortune and respectability—to plant the cross upon the soil of Maryland. In sixteen hundred and fourteen, the first Dutch settlements were made on Manhattan Island, and in sixteen hundred and twenty-three, the first permanent Agricultural colonization was made by them, when eighteen families settled at Fort Wayne, (now Albany,) and a company of Malloons on the west shore of Long Island.

In sixteen hundred and eighty-two, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, arrived in the Delaware. He was received with great enthusiasm, and after several meetings for conference and treaties with the Indians, he made his famous treaty with them, under a large Elm tree, at Shackamaxon, (now Kensington,) probably on the last day of November, sixteen hundred and eighty-two—the only treaty, says Voltaire, “never sworn to and never broken.” Soon afterwards, he laid out the plan of Philadelphia, to which he gave its name, in the hope that brotherly love might characterize its inhabitants.

But colonization was, necessarily, a tedious and hazardous process, and of slow growth. When the English Revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, swept James the Second from his throne, the colonies now constituting the twelve oldest States of our Union, contained not very many beyond two hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom Massachusetts, with Plymouth and Maine, may have had forty-four thousand; New Hampshire and Rhode Island, with Providence, each six thousand; Connecticut, from seventeen to twenty thousand; that is, all New England, seventy-five thousand souls. New York not less than twenty thousand; New Jersey half as many; Pennsylvania and Delaware, perhaps twelve thousand; Maryland, twenty-five thousand; Virginia, fifty thousand or more, and the two colonies, which then included the soil of Georgia, probably not less than eight thousand souls.

That this magnificent empire, which we, to-day, call the United States, a little less than two hundred years ago, had a

population scarcely exceeding two hundred thousand souls, would, indeed, be incredible, were it not the truth of history. The seventeenth century, which witnessed the colonization of America, had greatly outgrown its predecessors. True king-craft and priest-craft still dominated over the Old World. To question the divine right of Kings was treason, to doubt the State religion was heresy. Mad ambition and the lust of conquest still drove the plough-share of war through the fairest provinces of Europe. Crowns were staked on the arbitrament of battles. Dynasties were raised and stricken down by violence and bloodshed. The mind of the Old World was still in the shackles of ignorance, and the conscience of the masses dwarfed by the slavery of superstition. Flattery and sycophaney were the profitable employment of the mean and servile. Persecution and oppression the weapons to coerce the irresolute and faint-hearted.

But, nevertheless, a harvest of better things was ripening upon this sterile soil. The innate manhood of the race was beginning to assert itself. The mind and the soul were beginning to develop their God-like attributes. They lifted up their protest against the pretensions of power, and the corruptions and superstitions of priest-craft. The struggle could not be long maintained, for it was unequal. Monarchy had no theatre for operation in the New World. Priest-craft was not tempted to emigrate. Atheism and false philosophy could take no root in virgin soil. They, of course, stayed behind their entrenchments. Expatriation or submission, was the only alternative to those who loved liberty and feared God. The decision was easy and prompt. Behind was Egyptian bondage, across the sea was a wilderness, where, like Israel, they might set up the pattern of the tabernacle. Kings looked with unalloyed pleasure at the fast fading sails which bore from their shores, forever, such cargoes of pestilent and turbulent subjects. Whilst the New World, standing with outstretched arms, welcomed to her embrace the new gospel of freedom—the apostles of liberty. It is strange, indeed, to remember how little notice was taken of the emigration from time to time, of these small bands of

men, destined to become the founders of states, the fathers of commonwealths. Next to the founding of the Christian religion, it was the most important event of human history.

The colonists were the representatives of all that was best in the nationalities of the Old World. They were not all of one nation, or of one speech, but they were alike self-reliant, brave and devout men. They had gone out into the wilderness to lay the foundations of new governments. Equality before the law, free thought and free conscience were to be the corner-stones. The philosophy of living, they found in the Bible, and they took religion as a companion with them into their forest homes.

Such master builders must needs build well, but not necessarily fast. The wonder is, not that the structure of constitutional government rose so slowly, but rather, that it rose so rapidly.

The colonists had a double warfare to wage. To subdue the forests, to baffle the savage foe, to resist the ravages of disease and the rigors of climate, to provide meat and drink and raiment, required untiring industry, and sleepless vigilance. To conquer themselves and put the curb upon their natural inclinations, was no less difficult a task and no less imperative a duty; for the human heart is much the same in all places and under all conditions. Foes without and foes within, threatened the cause of civilization and religious and political freedom in the Western Continent. Heartburnings and bickerings fanned into life animosities in communities. Jealousies and dissensions severed the colonies, and kept up perpetual disunion. Thus, through long and weary years, the struggle for existence went on; but good seed must grow into fruit. Energy and pluck are everywhere the architects of fortune. Industry and perseverance must reap prosperous harvests, and bring home sheaves of plenty. This is the law of human development. It is true of the individual, it is true of the nation. The child of the wilderness is growing towards manhood. The thirteen Colonies are beginning to make a noise in the world, and to be felt as a power on the earth; commerce is pouring her treasures into

their harbors, and wealth and prosperity are flowing in upon them like a flood. But are they not the wards of the Mother Country? Shall they not pay tribute to us? Are they not our subjects, and is not our will the supreme law? Such was the arrogant language of tyranny, and the logic of king-craft. What matters it, that solemn charters have been granted, conferring immunity from oppression; they must be repealed. What matters it, that taxation, without representation, is the purest type of despotism? Avarice demands the imposition, and power gathers the fruits. Obedience, on the part of the Colonists, is answered by fresh exactions; ready compliance with unjust demands, serves but to excite increased cupidity. Messengers, the wisest, purest and most discreet, carry across the waters the most respectful petitions, and the humblest appeals. But the voice of reason and of common justice, is seldom heard at the foot of the throne. Common sense and common honesty are strangely out of fashion in the courts of Kings—entreaty and argument go for nothing there. Evil counsels and blind passions control the determinations of the cabinet. The policy of oppression and enforced obedience is deliberately resolved upon; and a fleet and army are to be sent against the refractory and turbulent Colonies. The determination of the ministry to shut up the port of Boston followed, as it is soon after, by the attempt to do away with the ancient charter of Massachusetts, and to remove to Great Britain the trial of offences committed in America, hastens on the crisis with amazing rapidity. These acts were intended to punish Massachusetts, but the cause of Massachusetts becomes the cause of all. England has, at last, made up the issue with the provinces; but she has made a false calculation, that ends in a fatal blunder. She confidently relied upon a want of union among the Colonies, and that each in detail would fall an easy prey to her rapacity. Disunited, they were weak; united they became invincible. The same despotic hand that shut up the port of Boston to-day, might, to-morrow, close that of New York, or Philadelphia, or Charleston, as well. The same ruthless arm that struck down the charter of Massachu-

setts yesterday, might, to-day, strike down that of William Penn, also. Manifestly the cause of one Colony, was the common cause of all. There was naturally but little sympathy between the Puritan of New England and the Cavalier of Virginia, between the Roman Catholic of Maryland, and the Quaker of Pennsylvania. Religious differences had often sharpened into personal animosities. In times past, they had suffered much at each others hands, and had forgiven little. Hence all efforts at union between the Colonies had hitherto ended in failure. But now a sense of common danger and common weakness at length brought them together.

On the fifth day of September, seventeen hundred and seventy-four, the first Continental Congress convened in Carpenter's Hall, in the city of Philadelphia. There are fifty delegates present, the representatives of eleven Colonies. Georgia has had no election, and the North Carolinians had not yet arrived. It would be interesting and refreshing to dwell upon the *personnel* of that memorable body, to stop just here and study, for a while, the statesmen of seventeen hundred and seventy-four; but the exigencies of the hour forbid such congenial employment. We know, however, that it was a grand, august, wise and patriotic assembly; that the representative men of the Colonies were of it; that among its members were Samuel and John Adams, Peyton Randolph and Richard Henry Lee; Stephen Hopkins and Christopher Gadsden, Lynch, of South Carolina; Johnson of Maryland; McKean, of Delaware; Duane, of New York; Mifflin and Galloway, of Pennsylvania; William Livingston and John Jay. There, too, sitting in modest retirement, was the noblest Roman of them all, command enthroned on his brow, and nobility and greatness speaking from every feature, wise in counsel, fertile in resources, terrible in action, George Washington. Nor was that other absent, Patrick Henry, whose services in the cause of American Independence, were not less valuable than the pen of Jefferson, or the sword of Washington. He was, indeed, the trumpet of liberty, and his voice was the voice of America, struggling to be free. With the prescience of prophesy, he

exclaimed, "an entire new government must be founded ; this is the first in a never ending succession of Congresses." and with the electric flash of true genius, he grasped the thought of every heart in his presence, and gave it utterance in a single, vehement sentence: "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several Colonies; I am not a Virginian, but an American."

The meeting of this Congress was the most important event that had hitherto occurred in the history of the Colonies. It marks the end of one era, and the commencement of another. The discord and dissensions, which so often in the past, threatened irremediable disaster and ruin, have changed to concord and harmony. The old Provincial days have passed away forever. The first chapter has been finished, and the volume of Colonial life closes here.

It was to be expected, that such a body would not be of one mind, nor prescribe the same remedy for admitted evils. But, nevertheless, the same devotion to principle, the same unhesitating faith in the capacity of the race to work out the problem of free government, the same ardent love of country pervaded all—a calm, dispassionate declaration of the rights of the Colonists was prepared and published. A respectful rehearsal of their wrongs accompanied this. To give moral, as well as material weight to this action, on the eighteenth day of October, the Congress adopted the Articles of American Association, the signing of which (on the twentieth) should be regarded as the commencement of the American Union. By its provisions, to which they solemnly agreed, individually, and as a body, they pledged the Colonies to an entire commercial, non-intercourse with Great Britain, Ireland, the West Indies, and such North American Provinces as did not join the association until the acts, of which America complained, were all repealed. All hope of conciliation and compromise was not yet abandoned; the sense of justice and the heart of the King and ministry might yet be moved. To this end, respectful and earnest appeals continued to be made; but the messengers, who carried them to the foot of the throne, were insulted, and all

offers of adjustment were spurned. Madness ruled the hour in the British Council Chamber; discontent deepened into anger, events thickened, and hurried on the final catastrophe; the lurid clond of war stood over against, and lowered upon New England, and on the morning of the nineteenth of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, the first red drops fell upon the thirsty soil of Massachusetts, at Lexington and Concord. The bloody drama of the American Revolution opened there, and the sacred clay of Massachusetts, gathered into its cold embrace, the bodies of the first martyrs to American Independence.

The musketry, on that spring morning, dispelled all doubt, and solved all problems of policy; it uttered a solemn protest against further hesitation, or delay; it announced that the final argument of Kings had now been reached; all hope and desire for reconciliation were brushed away; but it became necessary to disembarass the people of the United States from the loyal fiction of owning a King against whom they were in arms. Accordingly, on the second day of July, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, Congress, by a vote of twelve Colonies, New York not being able to vote, "without one dissenting Colony," resolved: "That these United Colonies are, and of right, ought to be free and independent States, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." This was not an ill-considered and unauthorized act of the members of the Congress. The desire for independence, had already taken possession of the souls of the people. In town meetings, in popular assemblies, in provincial councils, the question was discussed, and the sentiment proclaimed. The delegates came to the Congress with ample instructions, and clothed with full powers in the premises. The resolution just adopted, was the expression of the will of their constituents; it changed the old thirteen British Colonies into free and independent States; it established a new nationality among the nations of the earth; it remained to set forth the reason for this act, and the principles which the new people

could own as their guides. This delicate and important duty was committed to the pen of Jefferson; he was eminently fitted, both by nature and culture, for the task. On the twenty-eight of June, he reported the declaration to Congress, which now, on the second of July, immediately after the resolution of independence, entered upon its consideration. During the remainder of that day, and the two next, the language, the statements, and the principles of the paper were closely scanned, and in evening of the fourth day of July—New York still abstaining from the vote—twelve States, without one negative, agreed to this Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, commencing:

“When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature’s God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter, or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.”

And then, after that blighting indictment against George the Third, concluding as follows:

“Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren; we have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to exercise an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us; we have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here; we have appealed to their

native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends. We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare: That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

This immortal State paper, is the magna charta of our liberties—the patent under which we claim our nationality. The ever-enduring record of the birth-day of America.

The Colonies, at this time, contained a population of about two millions and a half. They appreciated the perils of their situation, and the responsibilities of their action, much more keenly than we can ever possibly do. They were about to throw down the gage of battle to one of the first military powers in the world. Without ships, without armies, without discipline, without tried and experienced commanders, without munitions of war, and without money, the contest was, indeed, unequal, and would, most likely, be disastrous. But the spirit of the emigrants that never quailed before power, and never succumbed to defeat, lived in their sons.

It is not my purpose to narrate the story of the war. I cannot stop to paint the horrors of Valley Forge, or to describe the triumphs of Yorktown. I may not tell you of reverses and defeats; how discontent and treachery walked through the camp, and sate by the council table. I cannot picture to you the trials, sacrifices and heroism of those patriot men; how darkness and gloom often settled down like a pall upon the country; how hope often died upon the bosom of despair. The struggle was protracted, and stubborn and bloody; but at length the Mother Country, wasted and exhausted by the conflict, sullenly sued for peace, and grudgingly acknowledged, what she had no longer the power to prevent, the Independence of the American States.

In the little compass of time, yet permitted to me, it will be the more pleasing task to tell you something of the triumphs of peace.

Do we, indeed, fully realize that this is only the centenary of our nation? - From 1776 to 1876—a hundred years—a span but little longer than the allotted period of human life. For a few patriarchs still remain, who saw Washington and other worthies of the Revolution, and an occasional one, perhaps, may yet linger on earth, whose lengthened days cast their shadow back into the morning of the natal day of American Liberty. But what is a hundred years in the life-time of a Nation? Ordinarily, comparatively nothing, for the mills of the gods grind slowly. Usually the fate of empires, the destinies of peoples, the solution of social and governmental problems, the developments of science, art, literature and religion, the growth of the inner and outer life of a nation are the slow processes of centuries.

Why, then, do we keep such great account of this centennial of our Nation? Is it because she has lived so long? Oh, no. Is it because she has lived longer than she deserved? Oh, no. But because, while she has lived so little, she has lived so much. Because, that with the dew of early morn, unwiped from her brow, and the flush of youth yet upon her cheek, her presence

has gone forth into the corners of the earth, and her example is set for the imitation of the nations.

The value of time is to be estimated, not by its length, but by its improvement. The worth of a life consists not in the number of its years, but in the number of its good works. What is true of individual life, is also true of national life. Judging the United States by such a law, and measuring them by such a standard, how stands their case? What have they accomplished for the century? What have they done for the race, for humanity, for God? These are great questions, and suggest many thoughts; but it is impossible, on this occasion, to attempt any satisfactory answer to them.

The physical growth and material development of the country, within the century, have certainly been remarkable. Indeed, the average reader, and the average thinker can have no proper conception how great. It is no exaggeration to say, that the entire face of the continent has been changed, and the habits of life wholly revolutionized. The close of the War of the Revolution, left the States free, indeed, but wholly impoverished. The whole population centred along the seaboard: settlements pushed out but a little way into the forests. Beyond was an untrodden wilderness, a trackless waste. Agriculture was conducted with the rudest implements, in ignorance of the laws of growth, and yielded but a scanty subsistence. Manufactories and machinery had then scarcely an existence; everything that was raised from the soil, or made into garments, was the product of hand labor. The crops were cut with the sickle, and threshed with the flail; flax, and hemp, and wool, woven into clothing by the hand loom, constituted the apparel of the best and richest of those days. The pack-horse was the common mode of transportation; gentlemen traveled on horseback, or in their own uncouth lumbering vehicles; the poor traveled on foot. There were scarcely any roads; and, therefore, no one traveled for pleasure, but only on business. Daily papers and daily mails, were not thought of. A visit to the seat of government, was an event that answered for a lifetime. A journey of a hundred miles, was a big undertaking,

and an enterprise attended with danger. A trip across the ocean consumed several months. Churches were far apart, and the sermons were long, and sometimes dry: but the people did not grumble at that: when they went to church, they went to spend the day. Education was a luxury that only the rich could afford. Commerce, there was none, for there was nothing to export. The untold treasures of coal and iron, of tin and copper and lead, lay buried beneath the soil, unknown and valueless. Cities and towns were ill built, unlighted, unpaved, and without sanitary regulations.

But how changed the picture now! Forests have melted away; the rugged features of nature have been conquered: the waste places have been subdued: cities and towns, well built, well lighted, well paved, and with the best sanitary appliances, have grown up all over the land. Immense manufactories and every conceivable kind of machinery abound everywhere. The crops are sowed and cut and threshed by machinery. The sickle, and the flail and the hand loom, are now only curiosities. The secret chambers of the earth have been invaded and rifled of their countless wealth. The American merchant ship is on every sea, and moors in every harbor. The costliest fabrics, the products of our own looms, constitute the apparel of the people. Everybody travels now for pleasure and recreation. Churches are grand and rich and magnificent: their spires point to the sky in every village and hamlet. Long sermons are unpopular, and the old style of preaching is obsolete. School houses abound on all sides, and a good education is accessible to all. Daily mails and daily papers are a necessity. A trip across the Atlantic, can be made in eight days. The lightning has been brought down from the sky, and made the bearer of our messages; daily bulletins pass from the Old World to the new, along the wires beneath the waters of the sea. A network of railroads stretches over the land; the Atlantic and the Pacific have been bound together by a bar of iron; a trip can be made from New York, to San Francisco in eighty-four hours; if you choose, you can travel at the rate of a mile a minute. Wealth and prosperity, refinement and

the luxuries of the highest civilization, are the common heritage of the people. What a grand panorama does the American Union present this hour, to the eyes of the wondering nations, stepping from the first into the second century of its existence. An august procession of free and independent States, thirty-seven in number, one by one, they pass, teeming with a population of forty-four millions, of all nationalities, filling the continent with their imperial presence, taking tribute from two oceans, and enjoying every variety of production and climate.

Our progress in the higher walks of national life, has been no less marked. Intelligence and education are almost universal: art and science, literature and philosophy, have kept even pace with our material greatness; they have had zealous devotees and munificent patrons.

Religion, too, may well be satisfied with the results of the century. Divorced from the state, untrammelled by prerogative, unrestrained by law, she has had free play and an open field; she has kept the conscience of the nation quiet and enlightened, and led it through all its vicissitudes and temptations, along the highways of honor and probity; she has retained the Bible in the public schools, in spite of bigotry, and enforced the sanctity of the Sabbath, in spite of infidelity; she has held in check, the baleful influences of scepticism and false philosophy, and led the American mind through the avenues of truth. It has been her high prerogative and holy mission to mould the institutions, give tone to the civilization, and shape the destinies of the nation. To-day, America is great and prosperous and happy, because she has a devoted and learned ministry, an open Bible, a free conscience, and a Christian Sabbath.

The century, too, has realized the hope of the patriot, and filled to the brim his cup of contentment. Wise heads shook doubtfully and kings laughed derisively at the experiment of government on this continent. It had been tried before and failed. Republics had arisen elsewhere, but had soon fallen in anarchy or despotism. A confederation of States was proposed. A union with no superior, and in which

all were equal, could not be permanent. The race had not virtue or intelligence enough to govern itself. From the earliest ages, Kings had been a necessity, and ruled by divine right. Monarchy was a God ordained institution, and a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, was treason against Heaven, and a protest against the Most High. Such was the logic and predictions of king-craft. Patriots could not but admit that the experiment would be attended by many uncertainties, and surrounded with many difficulties. Washington, with prophetic wisdom, foretold the danger, and warned his countrymen against it. Enlightened statesmanship early saw, that sooner or later, the discordant elements would drive the ship of state upon the breakers of disunion. Compromise was the poor make-shift of state-craft to lighten the ship; but compromise can never be a successful cure for constantly recurring perils. When two antagonistic theories, or two antagonistic social systems underlie the same government, compromise may postpone, but cannot prevent the conflict. The time must needs come, when one or the other will strive for and gain the supremacy. When that crisis does come, the hope of the race must anchor upon the virtue, intelligence and patriotism of the people. A weak, debauched, and cowardly government, will go to pieces in the storm of civil war. A wise, honest and prudent government, may weather it in safety. That the disputed boundary between the powers of the General Government, and the rights of the States must be eventually settled, every correct political thinker well knew; that the disturbing element of human slavery must be cast out of the system, was clearly appreciated; that these questions might be peaceably settled was fervently hoped, that they might be settled by the arbitrament of battle was greatly feared. The great political problem of the century, was: Can the American Union withstand the strain of civil war? Can the General Government become supreme without sacrificing the rights of the States? Can slavery be abolished without destroying the equilibrium of political forces? It took four years of bloodshed and of waste; it cost millions of treasure, and hundreds

of thousands of lives to successfully and finally solve these questions. But the end came at last, and the American Union emerged from the baptism of blood, reformed, redeemed, renovated and free, to step into its second century, with a new lease of life and a brighter promise for the future.

I have thus made this brief and imperfect record of what America has done for the century—what she has accomplished for the race, for humanity, and for God.

But I must hasten on: little more can now be said. Let us endeavor to go back in imagination to Philadelphia a century ago. Its population then did not greatly exceed twenty thousand souls; it extended but a few squares from the Delaware; its streets were badly paved; its buildings unimposing and common; its trade and commerce insignificant and unimportant; its wealth was not great, and the style of living of its citizens, plain and modest. But how changed the picture to-day! It has become the metropolis of Pennsylvania; it has extended its sceptre from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, and far beyond; it is now an empire within itself; it teems with a population fast approaching a million; the great arteries of commerce and trade are pouring their wealth and prosperity into its harbor, and on its streets; its manufacturing establishments rival those of Manchester and Birmingham; its public buildings, its churches and charitable institutions are worthy of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The culture, refinement and intelligence of its citizens, are nowhere surpassed. By common consent of the nation, it was made the theatre upon which America determined to exhibit the products of her wealth and skill, her industry and her genius. The United States sent an invitation to all the World to come and see the Centennial Exhibition, and compete for its prizes. The brotherhood of nations accepted the invitation with alacrity. Every specimen of productive art and skill, can be seen, and every type of civilization is represented. It is a gathering of the nations, and peoples, and languages of the earth. The Monarchies of the Old World have accredited their commissioners to do homage to the Republic of the New World. The

Crescent and the Cross are striving with generous emulation to grasp the prizes of peace. Egypt, China, Japan and the Islands of the sea, have sent their contributions and their representatives. Strange it is, that Independence Hall should have stood long enough to witness such a scene. Stranger still, that this venerable temple of liberty, in which the new gospel of human rights was first formally promulgated, should be crowded day by day, with devout pilgrims of every nationality and every faith. It is the uncontrollable expression of the devotion of the human family to the natural equality and the unalienable rights of man, a silent and reverential homage to the United States as the one representative of that equality and those rights.

Oh, ye devoted men, who, a hundred years ago, gathered within those sacred walls, and subscribed that immortal parchment upon which was written for all time, the charter of human liberty, and to the support of which, you mutually pledged to each other your lives, your fortunes and your sacred honor, look down from the mansions of light, upon this strange spectacle, and breathe from your exalted seats, a benediction upon your country.

But, my fellow countrymen, amid this hour of self glorification and self congratulation, let us not shut our eyes to the cloud that has been gathering, and the shadow that has been lengthening. There are deadly enemies, even now, undermining the foundations of our Government. National honor is no longer sensitive; statesmanship has well nigh died out; the tone of national morality has been lowered; public virtue has declined, and private virtue no longer commands respect. Corruption, like a leprosy, has spread through the whole civil service; legislation is bought and sold in an open market; corrupt practices riot in every department of the Government. Venality, like a dry rot, is eating away the strength and honor of the Nation. The most dangerous symptom to the perpetuity of our institutions, is not so much, that these abuses exist, as that the people knowing them to exist, look with indifference and half approbation upon them. This attests that the disease

is not superficial, but deep-seated and wide spread. When mortification is about to set in, the injured limb must be lopped off. The peril is imminent, the disease is striking deeper, the remedy must be applied at once. It is yours, my fellow countrymen, to guard this government against premature death; to purge it of abuses, to make its garments white, to re-establish national honor, public virtue, and true statesmanship; to put the seal of your deep condemnation upon every betrayal of public trust, and to vote and work earnestly against every public man who makes official station the highway to personal aggrandizement. The last sands of the first century of our Nation are rapidly running through the glass of time. It is an appropriate hour for new self-consecration and self-devotion to this great work. Do your duty, and acquit yourselves like men. Hand down this precious heritage of constitutional freedom and religious liberty intact and unimpaired to posterity. Go on with an undying faith in the final triumph of truth and justice. For "the Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the Isles be glad thereof."

At two o'clock, P.M., after the usual opening exercises, Rev. I. N. Hays, Principal of the Cumberland Valley State Normal School, Shippensburg, Pa., and former Pastor of the Church, delivered an address on the subject to which he had been assigned, entitled: "Reminiscences of Ministers and Elders of Middle Spring Church." This stirring and excellent address the editor expresses his regret in not being able to embody in this publication; but since it was only in part written, and as the main facts of it are necessarily included in the "History of the Church," Mr. Hays declined preparing it for publication.

In addition to the above, the following ministers were present and took part in the services of that occasion: Rev. E. Erskine, D.D., Pastor of Big Spring Presbyterian Church, Newville, Pa.; Rev. J. Ford Sutton, Editor and Proprietor of *Presbyterian Journal*; Rev. Wm. A. West, Pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Pa.; Rev. S. C. George, Pastor of St. Thomas and Rocky Spring Churches;

Rev. Henry Rinker, Pastor of Dickinson Presbyterian Church; Rev. John C. Oliver, Pastor of Lower Tuscarora Presbyterian Church, Academia, Pa.; Rev. William Keiry, Pastor of Salem Presbyterian Church, Illinois; Rev. John Wherry, returned Missionary from China; Rev. W. A. McCarrell, Pastor of Presbyterian Church, Shippensburg, Pa.; Rev. A. Wiley, Pastor of Bethel Church, Newburg, Pa.; Rev. J. M. Carvell, Pastor of Bethel Church, Orrstown, Pa.; Rev. James E. Honeycutt, former Pastor of Lutheran Church of Orrstown, Pa.; Rev. R. Lewis McCune, stated supply of Fayetteville Presbyterian Church; Rev. Matthew Henry Bradley, Pastor of Chartiers Presbyterian Church, Washington county, Pa.

Letters were received from Rev. C. P. Wing, D.D., Rev. James I. Brownson, D.D., Rev. George P. Hays, D.D., Rev. W. T. Wylie, Rev. T. N. Orr, Jonathan K. Cooper, Esq., and others, expressing regret in being unable to be present.

The services of this occasion were brought to a termination by a "Union Communion" on Sabbath morning, June 18th, when, by invitation, the Pastors, Sessions and Members of Big Spring, Shippensburg and Rocky Spring churches united with Middle Spring, and sat down together at the Lord's table in the Church of Middle Spring, as their fathers did one hundred years since.

APPENDIX.

A.

PATENT FOR CHURCH LANDS.

The Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Know Ye that in Consideration of the Sum of Nine pounds, sixteen Shillings, lawful Money, now paid by Francis Campbell, Robert Chambers, William Duncan and John Maclay, into the Receiver General's Office of this Commonwealth, there is granted by the said Commonwealth, unto the said Francis Campbell, Robert Chambers, William Duncan and John Maclay, a Certain Tract of Land, called "Mount Hope," Situate in Hopewell Township, in Cumberland and Franklin Counties, Beginning at a White Oak, thence by land of Conrad Fishburn, North ten degrees, West forty-six perches to a Stump, North seventy-three degrees, East thirty-six perches to a White Oak, and South fifty-six degrees, East two hundred and two perches to a post, thence by land of James Caldwell, South nine degrees, West fourteen perches to a Black Oak, thence by land of Christian Kish, North seventy-one degrees and an half, West seventy perches to a post, North twenty degrees, West six perches to a Black Oak, North seventy one degrees and an half, West one hundred and twenty three perches to a White Oak, and North fifty-nine degrees, West eight perches to the place of Beginning, Containing Forty-nine Acres and one hundred and ten perches and allowance of Six per Cent. for Roads, &c., With the Appurtenances, Which said Tract was surveyed in pursuance of an Application, No. 3749, entered the 27 May, 1767, by the said Francis Campbell, Robert Chambers, William Duncan and John Maclay, for whom a Warrant of Acceptance issued the 13 September, 1790, To have and to hold the said Tract or parcel of Land with the Appurtenances unto the said Francis Campbell, Robert Chambers, William Duncan and John Maclay, and their Heirs to the use of them the said Francis Campbell, Robert Chambers, William Duncan and John Maclay, their Heirs and Assigns forever, as Tenants in Common and not as Joint Tenants, free and clear of all Restrictions and Reservations as to Monies, Royalties, Quit Rents, or otherwise excepting and reserving only the fifth part of all Gold and Silver Ore for the use of this Commonwealth, to be delivered at the Pit's Mouth clear of all Charges.

In Witness whereof, His Excellency Thomas Mifflin, Esq., President of the Supreme Executive Council, hath hereto set his hand and caused the
[L. S.] State Seal to be hereto affixed in Council the seventeenth day of September, in the Year of our Lord, One thousand, seven hundred and ninety, and of the Commonwealth the fifteenth.

Attest—

CHAS. BIDDLE, Ju'r.

THO. MIFFLIN.

Inrolled in the Rolls Office for the State of Pennsylvania in Pat. book No. 15, page 345.

[L. S.] Witness my hand & Seal of Office, the 21 Sept'r, 1790.

MATH. IRWIN, M. A.

[By Deed dated November, 1793, all the parties herein named, conveyed this tract to the Trustees of Middle Spring Church.—ED.]

B.

REV. ROBERT COOPER'S COMMISSION AS CHAPLAIN IN THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

THE COUNSEL OF SAFETY, PHILADELPHIA, December 24th, 1776.—*To the Rev. Robert Cooper:*—The Honorable Continental Congress having recommended in their resolves of the 18 July, 1775, "That in the recess of the Provincial Assemblies or conventions, the officers of the 'Military Association for the defence of American Liberty,' should receive their commissions from the respective 'committees or Council of Safety,' appointed by said Assemblies or Conventions." In pursuance thereof, we, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valor, conduct and fidelity, do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you to be Chaplain of the county of Cumberland Militia, now marching to camp associated for the defence of the liberties of America, and for repelling every hostile thereof. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a Chaplain, by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And we do earnestly recommend to all officers and soldiers to be obedient to you as their Chaplain. And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions as you shall receive from the Assembly or Provincial Convention during their session, or from this or any future Committee of Safety from this Province, or any other your superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust imposed in you. This commission to continue in force until revoked by the Provincial Convention or Assembly, or by this or any other succeeding Committee of Safety.

By order of the Council.

C.

LETTER OF RESIGNATION OF ROBERT COOPER AS CHAPLAIN.

JANUARY 25, 1777.—*To the Honorable Council of Safety:*—I marched from home with part of the Cumberland Militia, on the 16th of last month; came to this town wholly on my own expense; was desirous of officiating agreeable to my commission, but the circumstances of the army never admitted it except to small detachments. I bore arms, marched and counter marched on foot through the Jerseys, so long as I was able; stood in the line of battle with the men at Trenton; by attempting to save myself dying by cold, lost the army by virtue of their secret movement the night after the battle; was unable to pursue them.

Unless the Honorable Council judge it will be injurious to the cause, I desire to resign my commission, and as I have yet received none of the public money, to have a bill for drawing what the Council think I should receive.

I live one hundred and forty miles from this city.

ROBERT COOPER.

D.

The following named persons who took part in the War of the Revolution, were members or adherents of the Middle Spring Presbyterian Church. The official title of some of them may have been given after the war:

Col. Benjamin Blythe, Col. Isaac Miller, Col. Robert Peoples, Col. William Scott, Col. Abraham Smith, Major James Herron, Capt. William Rippey, Capt. Matthew Henderson, Capt. Matthew Scott, Capt. David McKnight, Capt. John McKee, Capt. William Strain, Capt. Joseph Brady, Capt. Robert Quigley, Capt. Charles Leeper, killed at battle of Crooked Billet, May, 1778; Capt. Charles Maclay, Capt. Samuel Blythe, Capt. Samuel Walker, Capt. James Scott, Capt. Samuel McCune, Capt. Samuel Kearsley, Lieut. Samuel Montgomery, lost a leg at Crooked Billet; John Heap, Esq., Samuel Cox, Esq., Francis Cambell, John Reynolds, Esq., Thos. McClelland, Joseph McKinney, James McKee, Robert Donavin, William Turner, Thomas McCombs, William Sterret, John Woods, Esq., William Anderson, John Maclay, James Dunlop, Esq., James Lowry, Esq., John Maclay (Mountain), William Barr, Archibald Cambridge, John Herron, David Herron, David Duncan, John

McKnight, James McCune, David Mahon, John Thompson, Jacob Porter, Isaac Jenkins, one of five brothers who died in camp of contagious diseases—all lie buried in lower graveyard; Samuel Dickson, John Grimes, (Grier?).

The following are the names of some of the women who were distinguished for patriotic effort in the cause of Independence:

(Sallie) Sarah Reynolds, Isabella Rippey, Jane Dunlop, Eliza Cooper, Jennet Irwin.

The remains of the following named soldiers of the Revolution, with those of their patriotic pastor, Dr. Cooper, lie buried in the lower graveyard:

Capt. William Strain, Capt. Samuel McCune, Capt. Samuel Cox, Capt. Joseph Brady, Capt. Samuel Kearsley, Capt. Samuel Walker, Lieut. Samuel Montgomery, Isaac Jenkins (with four brothers), Samuel Dickson (Dixon?) ——— McKee, ——— Grier, John Grimes, Archie Cambridg; he was buried with his armor on, having by his side his musket, with bayonet fixed, as if he expected to meet the British on Resurrection morn.

E.

NAMES OF THE SUBSCRIBERS TO OLD STONE MEETING HOUSE BUILT IN 1781.

Capt. Samuel McCune, Capt. William Rippey, John Reynolds, Esq., Robert Culbertson, Richard Rodgers, William Duncan, Samuel Cox, Alexander Sterritt, Thos. McComb, John Maclay, Esq., John Maclay, Jun., Daniel Duncan, Capt. Samuel Blythe, Samuel Rippey, Charles Maclay, John McComb, Adam Cunningham, John White, Daniel Nevin, William Young, Thos. McClelland, Benj. Allsworth, John Barr, Samuel Barr, James Henderson, Capt. Joseph Brady, John McKnight, John Cambridge, James Woods, Gavin Morrow, William Sterritt, James McKee, Capt. John McKee, Robert Donavin, Andrew McFerran, Abraham Weir, James Patterson, John Strain, Capt. Wm. Strain, Thomas Pomeroy, Francis Campbell, Capt. Matthew Henderson, John Campbell, David Porter, Peter Dickey, Capt. Robert Peoples, Robert Means, William Barr, James Caldwell, Benj. Disert, Francis Nesbit, William Montgomery, Samuel Hannah, James McCune, Esq., Robert Peebles (Mountain), Adam McCormick, William Trimble, Thos. Snodgrass, Archibald Mahon, David Simrall, John Heap, Esq., James Sharp, Samuel Hanna, John Hanna, Andrew Thompson, William Woods, Hugh Brady, Hugh Wiley, Thos. Montgomery, William McComb, David Wills, Jr., David Wills, Sr., Henry Mahon, David McKinney, Col. Isaac Miller, James McClelland, John Herron, Esq., Maj. James Herron, Alexander Donnell, John Culbertson, James Cummins, Robert Sterritt, James Sterritt, Elizabeth Hamill, David Herron, John Brumfield, James Young, Ebenezer Brady, John Duncan, Francis Graham, And. Murphy, Thos. Barr, John Johnston, Col. James Dunlop, Capt. Robert Quigley, Robert Shannon, John Simrall, Archibald Johnston, William Turner, James Cooper, John Thompson, Robert Clark, John Robinson, John Snoddy, David Mahon, Robert Donavin, Robert Tate, Samuel Crawford, Jean Kearsley, John Quigley, Rev. John Craighead, Pastor of Rocky Spring Church; Gen. John Armstrong, hero of Kittaning and famous during the whole struggle for Independence; Samuel Rippey, Sr., Samuel Withrow, John Watson, Andrew Ralston, William McClintick, Jacob Keyser, Col. Robert Peoples, Col. Benj. Blythe, James Lowry, Esq., George Johnston, John Knox, James Brox.

F.

NAMES OF LADY SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE PULPIT, 1786.

Elinor Maclay, Agnes White, Sarah McKibben, Mary Keppels, Margaret Allsworth, Jennett Allsworth, Rebecca McDonnell, Sarah Strain, Jean Linn, Grisey Linn, Susanna Linn, Jean Linn, Jr., Mary Pumroy, Elizabeth Strain, Isabella Futhy, Mary Grimes, Jean Clark, Jean Sterritt, Ann Sterritt, Mary Duncan, Susanna

Barr, Mary Sharp, Eliz. Duncan, Martha Simrall, Rebecca Simrall, Mary Anderson, Margaret Rippey, Hanna Reynolds, Mary Sterritt, Jean Brady, Jennett Marten, Ann Spear, Eliz. Cunningham, Sarah Robison, Margaret Barr, Eliz. Brumferd, Mary Quigley, Martha Skinner, Mary Quigley, Margaret McCollums, Sarah Britton, Jane Mahon, Peggy Leeper, Mary Peoples, Sallie Reynolds, Jane Dunlap, Isabella Rippey, Margaret Rippey, Jane Cooper, Eleanor Maclay, Eliz. Cooper, Sally Herron, Mary Herron, Jennett Irwin, Jean Mahan. The sum of their subscriptions amounted to £66, (\$165.00).

G.

STATISTICAL REPORT.

Since October, 1771, this Presbytery has met at Middle Spring Church thirty times. The actual outlay for church buildings reaches the small sum of.....\$14,440 00

(Much of the work was done by the people themselves.)

Since 1765, the date of Dr. Cooper's installation, until the present time, this Church has paid for salary purposes..... \$89,000 00

The benevolent contributions since the commencement of the Ministry of Rev. I. N. Hays, until the present..... \$8,000 00

Number of admissions to this Church since 1803, the date of Mr.

Moody's installation, have been—

Mr. Moody's ministry.....	684
Mr. Hays' ".....	334
Mr. Richardson's ".....	55
Mr. Wylie's ".....	102

Total.....	1,175
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(In the years 1807, 1813 and 1834, there were no additions.)

In this time there have been fifteen suspensions from church privileges.

Since 1803, Baptisms.....	1,520
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Mr. Moody Baptized in Middle Spring Church.....	1,194
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In other churches.....	129
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Since 1803, there has been 500 members dismissed to other churches.

In the history of the Church, there have been.....	1,350	weddings.
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Since 1803.....	716	do.
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Average amount received for each.....	\$4 92
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Mr. Moody had marriages.....	595
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From which he received wedding fees to the amount of.....	\$2,968 91 ³ / ₄
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The whole amount in history of the Church for wedding fees....	\$6,642 00
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Highest fee.....	\$30 00
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H.

NAMES OF SOME OF THE NOTED MALE SINGERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

William Turner, William McCall, Thomas McClelland lead the singing for a lifetime of years; Robert Donavin, Francis Neir, John Young, George Allen, William McCune, William Means. George Noftsker and Mason Kindal, employed as singing teachers.

Hymn books were finally adopted and used in the Church, October 28th, 1867—had been used in evening services since 1862. In the earlier history of the Church, the tunes in use were "Coleshill," "Bedford," "Mear," "Fiducia," "Berne," "Meditation," "Martyn," "Silver Spring," "Suffield," "Sutton," "Rochester," "Winter," "Ocean," "Northfield," "Aylesbury," "Lenox," "America," "Old Hundred," "Portugal," "Wills," "Adeste Fideles."